

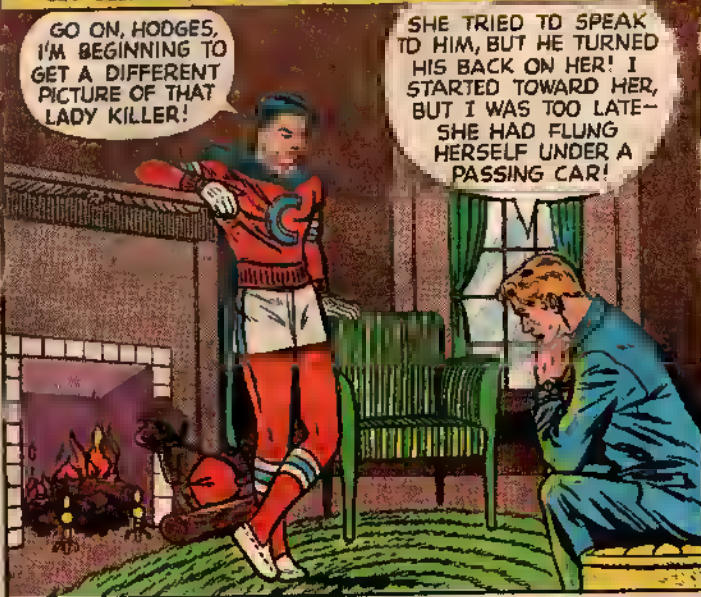
BOY

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COMICS

FEB.
NO. 38

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



CRIMEBUSTER
in **2**
COMPLETE FEATURE-LENGTH STORIES

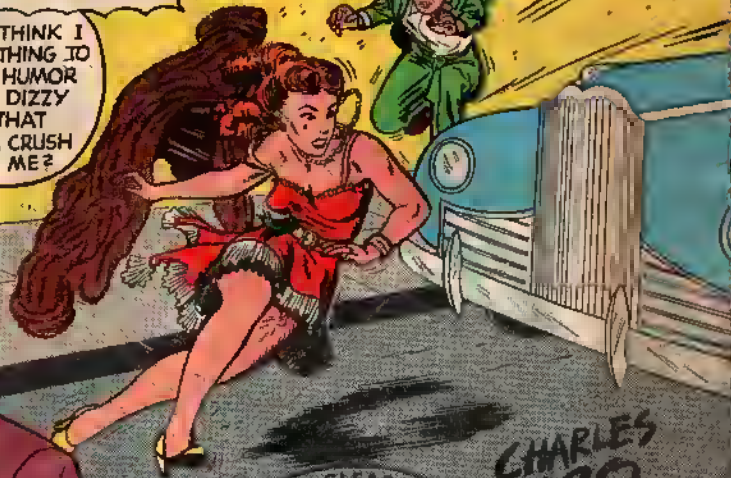
CLASSIC SENSATIONAL
STUPENDOUS
TOPS!
MANO
IS
ONE
AIN

another **DON ROMANO HIT!**
DON'T MISS **THE RA**
THIS WEEK MONDAY

LUCILLE! DON'T!!

DON, THAT GIRL WANTED TO TALK TO YOU! WHY DID YOU TELL HER YOU WERE IN A HURRY? WE HAVE LOTS OF TIME BEFORE THE SHOW STARTS!

DO YOU THINK I HAVE NOTHING TO DO BUT HUMOR EVERY DIZZY DAME THAT HAS A CRUSH ON ME?



LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS

CHARLES BIRO

[illegible]

Amazing Ever Popular Scene-in-Action

Forest Fire Lamp

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is Back Again



MOTION
REALISTIC COLORS
EXCITING

... So real it defies ready detection.

... Only technicolor rivals the beauty of moving flames sweeping thru a pine forest.

... Makes everyone who sees it gasp with wonder.

Here's the most attractive lamp ever created. A gorgeous scenic table lamp that actually shows a pine forest being swept by moving flames. Has so much action and color you just won't be able to take your eyes off it. So realistic you can almost hear the crackling of the burning pines. But you will actually have to see this spectacular potent lamp in your own home to really appreciate it. That's why we are making this generous trial offer.

NIAGARA FALLS LAMP

ALSO AVAILABLE...

Imagine a lamp that portrays Niagara Falls in all its scenic splendor. Will bring back those romantic memories of your honeymoon days.

COMPLETE WITH PLUG AND CORD
Improved model is back... 8 inches high
with a circumference of 17 inches. Base and
top made of sturdy plastic.

Same price
as before
the War

\$4.95

EXTRA
AT NO EXTRA
COST

Send for LAMP ON APPROVAL!
TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Fill in coupon and mail today. Send no money. When your gorgeous Forest Fire Lamp arrives just deposit \$4.95 plus postage through postman. Show it to your family and friends. Use it yourself in your home for ten days at our risk. Then if you aren't so delighted with your bargain that you won't want to give it up for all the world, return it and get your money back. **DON'T WAIT, BUT WRITE TODAY!**

... If you act now you will receive absolutely without extra cost as a reward for promptness, a marvelous WONDER LEAF. So startling, so beautiful that it causes comment wherever seen. You simply pin the WONDER LEAF to your curtain, it lives on air alone and grows unique, amazing plants. So act now. Take advantage of this sensational offer now it may be withdrawn at any time.

**PIN AMAZING
WONDER LEAF ON YOUR
CURTAIN**

WONDER LEAF lives on air alone. Called the "Leaf of Life," this amazing tropical WONDER LEAF grows on air alone, pinned to curtain or wall. Most important, each leaf produces delicate plants which, cut and planted in pots, will grow plants two feet high with brilliant, multi-colored pendulous flowers. **YOU GET THIS at no extra cost** when you mail coupon at right.

Mail this
10 DAY
TRIAL
COUPON

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

SCENE-IN-ACTION LAMP COMPANY, Dept. F-1517 Grand Rapids 2, Mich.
Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of lamp (or lamps) on guarantee that I may use it 10 full days and return it if not satisfied and get full refund. (Send money with order—Scene-In-Action Lamp Co. will pay postage.)

☐ Forest Fire Lamp, \$4.95 ☐ Niagara Falls Lamp, \$4.95

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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SCENE-IN-ACTION LAMP COMPANY

Dept F-1517

Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

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ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 278, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-scaled carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



[Advertisement]

**Men!
Ladies!**

**Here's THE JACKET You've Wanted,
At A Sensational Saving!**

**Ladies!
Only
\$3⁹⁵**

Men's only \$4⁹⁵

**Special
Combina-
tion
Offer,
Both for
Only
\$7⁹⁵**

**Hurry! Quantities
Are Limited**



You'll Love It!

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being “in the know” on style gives you! That new low neckline is a “flash” from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines . . . you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear . . . for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades: Camel Tan, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy “he-man's” jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort of “Spun-Rite” magically flexible, smartly-tailored and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Harmonizing buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Seamed sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

Adapt! Want Here's the jacket "you" you've been waiting for. Here's real-ly, plus, comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the most wanted jacket you'll find anywhere, regardless of price. And when you order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only \$7.95.

Save \$5! Beethoven—wife and husband prize-winning and have won 1000 matching jackets in combination on this special money offer. You stand to win \$5000! We'll ship C.O.D. plus a tax only 50¢. If you don't agree this is the great deal, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

SEND NO MONEY—RUN IN THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 192-1A
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Attention: Send me the SPUN-RITE Jacket indicated below.
(C.O.D.) I must be fully satisfied with no purchase or with return within 30 days for refund.

Name _____ PLEASE
Address _____ WRITE
City _____ State _____ PLAINLY

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, \$4.95 Camel Tan Miss Red

Check color wanted _____

Combination Price for 1 Men's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only \$7.95

MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, \$4.95 Camel Tan with Luggage Brown Forest Green

Check color wanted _____

CHECK SIZE WANTED: LADY'S 12 — 14 — 16 — 18 — 20
MEN'S 34 — 36 — 38 — 40 — 42 — 44 — 46 — 48 — 50

MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: \$ _____ C.O.D.

Barry Feb. 1, 1948

CRIMEBUSTER

HE GOT JUST WHAT HE DESERVED! I WISH I HAD THE NERVE TO TELL THESE SILLY WOMEN WHAT HE WAS REALLY LIKE!

SOB! SOB! WE'LL REMEMBER YOU FOREVER, ROMANO!

SOB! SOB!

LOOK AT THAT! EVEN IN DEATH THEY'RE SWOONING FOR HIM—AND TO THINK I HELPED IT HAPPEN!

SO HE WAS THE GREAT LOVER, EH?

story by **CHARLES BIRO**

Charles Biro

Drawn by **BARRY**

IT TOOK THIS STORY OF DON ROMANO FROM REAL LIFE! I THOUGHT THAT HIS TRAGIC CAREER, THOUGH SHORT, WAS VIOLENT AND WOULD BEST ILLUSTRATE THE POINT TO BE GAINED FROM THIS YARN!

THERE ARE GIFTED PEOPLE IN ALL FIELDS! THE ENTERTAINMENT GAME IS ESPECIALLY WELL STOCKED WITH THEM! OCCASIONALLY SOME INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS DONE NOTHING TO EARN HIS GREAT POPULARITY, BUT THROUGH SOME GENEROUS GIFT OF FATE, WAS BORN WITH A THROAT THAT CAN REACH HIGH C, OR A GOOD LOOKING FACE, WILL LET IT GO TO HIS HEAD! HE THINKS HE IS BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE! HE STUFFS HIS EGO WITH HIS CONCEIT, UNTIL SOMETHING GIVES! AT TIMES THESE UNGRATEFUL, EGOMANIACS WILL SUCCEED, IN SPITE OF THEIR LACK OF POPULARITY WITH THOSE WHO COME IN PERSONAL CONTACT WITH THEM!

THE PUBLIC KNOWS THEM ONLY FROM THE STAGE, SCREEN, OR RADIO, WHERE THEIR SELF LOVE IS NOT EVIDENT! INSTEAD OF BEING HUMBLy GRATEFUL FOR THEIR LUCKY GIFT, THEY WILL BEHAVE LIKE A DON ROMANO!

CAN YOU SPARE A MINUTE, LOOVER? I WANT TO TALK OVER THAT BOYS' CLUB MEMBER-SHIP DRIVE WITH YOU!

I'M SORRY, CRIMEBUSTER! NO CAN DO! THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT OVER AT G.M.C.'S STUDIO! I HAVE TO GO RIGHT OVER! WHY NOT COME ALONG?

I.E. LOOVER

I DON'T GET IT! WHY DO THEY BOTHER YOU? AFTER ALL, YOU ARE THE D.A., NOT THE CORONER! UNLESS IT'S MORE SERIOUS THAN YOU'RE LETTING ME BELIEVE!

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I'VE HEARD! YOU KNOW DON ROMANO, THE BIG SHOT SCREEN STAR? WELL, HE'S DEAD! HE HAD AN ACCIDENT WHILE THEY WERE SHOOTING SOME SKI-JUMPING SCENES. FRANKLY, I'M INTERESTED IN THIS INCIDENT ONLY BECAUSE OF ITS GLAMOROUS BACKGROUND! DO YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER BEEN INSIDE OF A MOVIE STUDIO!

FOR PRECINCT CAR

WHEW! WHEN THAT NEWS HITS THE STANDS, THE WHOLE FEMININE POPULATION WILL BREAK INTO TEARS! THAT GUY HAD EVERY GAL FROM SIX TO SIXTY WORSHIPPING HIM! YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL, LOOVER! THEY MIGHT WANT TO SIGN YOU UP IN HIS PLACE!

WHAT? ME IN MOVIES? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I DO ENOUGH ACTING EVERY DAY, TRYING TO KEEP THE VOTERS HAPPY!



MR. MCKINLEY, THE DIRECTOR, IS EXPECTING YOU, MR. LOOVER! RIGHT THIS WAY, PLEASE!



WHAT TIME DID THIS HAPPEN, MR. MCKINLEY?

ABOUT AN HOUR AGO! THERE'S THE BODY—JUST THE WAY IT LANDED!

SAY, TELL ME, WHERE DID YOU GET THE SNOW FOR THE SKI JUMP?



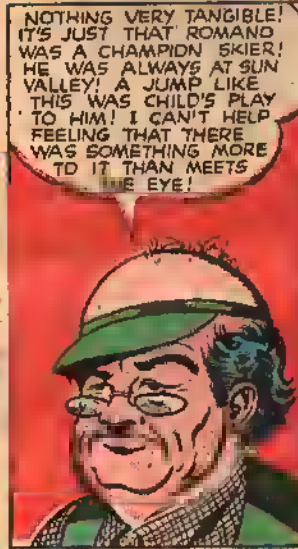
THAT'S NOT SNOW, C.B. THEY USE BORAX! IT GIVES THE SAME RESULTS! NOW, PLEASE TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED! I WANT ALL THE DETAILS! HEY, LISTEN TO THIS, WILL YOU, C.B.?

THERE'S NOT MUCH TO TELL! ROMANO STARTED DOWN THE SKI-JUMP! WHEN HE GOT TO THE EDGE, HE SEEMED TO WAVER...



...THEN HE MADE A SUDDEN SWERVE TO THE LEFT...AND CRASHED! BY THE TIME WE REACHED HIM, HE WAS DEAD! WE LEFT HIM JUST AS HE LANDED! NOTHING'S BEEN TOUCHED!

HAVE YOU ANY REASON TO BELIEVE IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT?



NOTHING VERY TANGIBLE! IT'S JUST THAT ROMANO WAS A CHAMPION SKIER! HE WAS ALWAYS AT SUN VALLEY! A JUMP LIKE THIS WAS CHILD'S PLAY TO HIM! I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE TO IT THAN MEETS THE EYE!

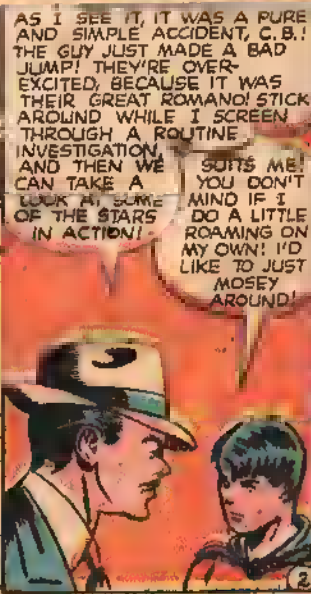


THIS LETS THE SKIS OUT! I DON'T KNOW THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH 'EM! THEY'RE WAXED PROPERLY—AND IN GOOD CONDITION!

ANYTHING ABOUT SKING! CHECK THE SLIDE, WILL YOU, C.B.? YOU'D SPOT ANY TROUBLE UP THERE FASTER THAN I COULD!



HEY, LOOVER!! THE JUMP IS OKAY! THERE'S NOTHING UP HERE THAT COULD HAVE GIVEN HIM TROUBLE!



AS I SEE IT, IT WAS A PURE AND SIMPLE ACCIDENT, C.B.! THE GUY JUST MADE A BAD JUMP! THEY'RE OVER-EXCITED, BECAUSE IT WAS THEIR GREAT ROMANO! STICK AROUND WHILE I SCREEN THROUGH A ROUTINE INVESTIGATION, AND THEN WE CAN TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE STARS IN ACTION!

SORTS ME! YOU DON'T MIND IF I DO A LITTLE ROAMING ON MY OWN! I'D LIKE TO JUST MOSEY AROUND!

AS THE DIRECTOR, YOU MUST HAVE SEEN ROMANO'S CRACK-UP! WAS THERE ANYTHING UNUSUAL THAT YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED? WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE TRAGEDY?

TRAGEDY?? HA, HA! THOSE KIND OF TRAGEDIES I LIKE! ROMANO HAD IT COMING TO HIM, IF ANY ONE EVER DID!



SURE, I KNOW THE PUBLIC IDOLIZED ROMANO AS A GREAT MOVIE LOVER! BUT EVERYONE ON THE LOT WHO WORKED WITH HIM, HATED HIS GUTS! HE WAS A LOUSY, NO GOOD, SELFISH HEEL, AND HE HAD MORE ENEMIES THAN A MUTT HAS FLEAS!



HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME FRIENDS! DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO COULD TELL ME A LITTLE ABOUT HIS PERSONAL LIFE?

THE ONLY ONE THAT LOVED HIM, WAS HIMSELF! TRY AS I MIGHT, I CAN'T THINK OF ANY ONE THAT LIKED HIM! HIS DIZZY FANS, MAYBE, BUT THAT'S ALL! ANYWAY, HE WAS VERY CLOSE, MOUTHED ABOUT HIS PRIVATE AFFAIRS!

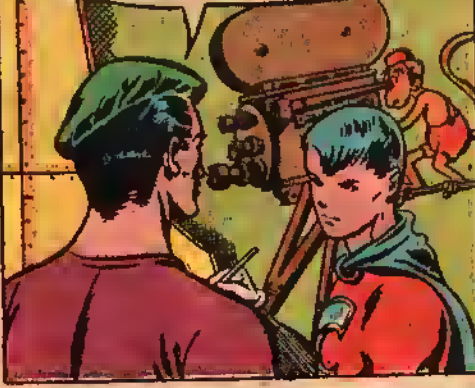


WHAT ABOUT HIS AGENT? WHO WAS HE?

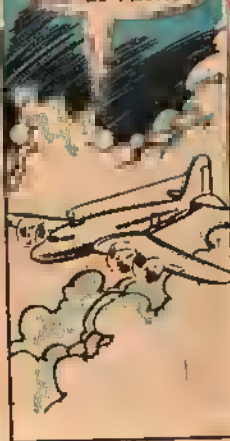
ROMANO HAD NO AGENT—THAT IS, NOT LATELY! HE HAD ONE WHEN HE CAME TO HOLLYWOOD...A FUNNY LITTLE FAT GUY NAMED...ER...BUCK BAILEY!



SOMEHOW, ROMANO MANAGED TO BREAK HIS CONTRACT AND PITCH THIS BAILEY GUY, WHO DISCOVERED HIM, OUT ON 'HIS EAR!' THE POOR GUY HAD TO GO BACK EAST, AN' START ALL OVER! I BET HE COULD GIVE YOU AN FEARFUL ABOUT ROMANO! HE HAS A SMALL OFFICE IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, I THINK!



WE SHOULD BE IN NEWARK SOON, SQUEEKS! THIS BUCCANEER SURE LIVES ALONG!



LOOVER IS GOING TO BLOW HIS TOP WHEN HE FINDS OUT THAT I FLEW OFF WITHOUT TELLING HIM! HE'S PROBABLY STILL LOOKING FOR ME AT THE STUDIO!



MR. BAILEY? MY NAME'S CRIMEBUSTER! I'M HERE TO...

YEAH, YEAH, I WAS EXPECTING THIS! YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU CLEAR UP ROMANO'S DEATH! I JUST FINISHED READING THE PAPERS! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW!



I'M SORRY I EVER MET ROMANO! HE WAS THE KIND OF STINKER WHO HURT EVERYONE WHO EVER HAD DEALINGS WITH HIM! IT TOOK ME TIME TO LEARN THAT, THOUGH! I WAS SLOW! I REMEMBER THE FIRST NIGHT I SAW HIM! I GUESS IT WAS ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO!



"I'D GONE DOWN TO A VILLAGE NIGHT CLUB TO SEE HOW A YOUNG ACCORDIONIST WAS MAKING OUT IN A NEW SPOT I HAD PLACED HIM IN—IT WAS A CHEAP JOINT!"



"RIGHT AFTER MY ACCORDIONIST'S PERFORMANCE, THE M.C. ANNOUNCED A NEW ACT—A DANCER NAMED DAN RANCHER. NOTHING SENSATIONAL! YOU KNOW, THE USUAL BALLROOM CORN!"



"BUT WHILE HE'S DANCING, I HAPPENED TO LOOK AROUND AND NOTICED THE WAY THE DAMES ARE LOOKIN' AT HIM! THEY CAN'T TAKE THEIR EYES OFF THE GUY!"



"BEFORE HIS ACT WAS OVER, I GOT MY MIND MADE UP! ANY GUY THAT CAN ARREST THE ATTENTION OF THOSE GREENWICH VILLAGE BOHEMIANS (AN' THEY HAD PLENTY OF SCHNOPS IN 'EM) HAS MORE THAN A FAIR AMOUNT OF SEX APPEAL! SO I WENT TO HIS DRESSING ROOM!"

"WHAT FOR? I DON'T NEED NO AGENT! I'M DOING OKAY ON MY OWN!"

"I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY AGENT! I'VE GOT IDEAS! I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION—A GOOD ONE!"



"HE FINALLY GAVE GROUND! I GUESS I MUST'VE WORKED ON 'IM FOR A SOLID HOUR, BUT I HAD AN ANGLE THAT I WANTED TO TRY OUT!"

"I WANT TO PULL JUST ONE STUNT FOR YOU IN YOUR NEXT ACT! IF IT PUTS YOU OVER BIG, YOU SIGN UP...IF IT DOESN'T CLICK, I'M OUT! THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH, ISN'T IT?"

"OKAY! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE, BUT I'M NOT MAKING ANY PROMISES!"



"SO I BEAT IT DOWN THE BLOCK TO A LITTLE JUNK JEWELRY STORE THAT STAYS OPEN LATE TO CATCH THE TOURIST TRADE!"

"GIMME TWENTY BUCKS WORTH OF JUNK JEWELRY! GAUDY STUFF WITH LOTS OF SPARKLE! RINGS, BRACELETS AN' STUFF LIKE THAT!"



"THEN, I WENT INTO A LOCAL BEANERY NEXT TO THE NIGHT CLUB AND BORROWED A COUPLE OF WAITRESSES!"

"HOW'D YOU GIRLS LIKE TO MAKE YOURSELVES A COUPLE OF EXTRA BUCKS BY HELPIN' ME PULL A PUBLICITY STUNT NEXT DOOR AT THE MI-LIFE CLUB?"

"TELL US MORE, MISTER!"

"HOW MANY EXTRA BUCKS?"



"BACK AT THE CLUB, I PASSED OUT THE JUNK JEWELRY TO THESE KIDS AND THE GIRLS THAT WORK IN THE JOINT—THE HAT CHECK AN' CIGARETTE GIRLS AND A COUPLE FROM THE CHORUS!"

"REMEMBER, GIRLS, WAIT UNTIL HIS ACT IS OVER, AND THEN CUT LOOSE! SPREAD YOURSELVES AROUND, SO YOU CAN COVER THE WHOLE RING SIDE! I WANT LOTS OF SIGHS AN' SWOONIN'! ALL RIGHT NOW, GET YOURSELVES SEATED!"



"I DIDN'T LIKE HIS NAME! IT DIDN'T SOUND THEATRICAL ENOUGH! WHEN IT CAME TIME FOR HIS ACT, I TALKED THE MANAGER INTO LETTING ME INTRODUCE HIM! THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE NAME 'ROMANO'! I GAVE IT TO HIM!"

"YOU WILL NOW HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF WITNESSING THE GREATEST DANCING FIND OF ALL TIME... DON ROMANO!"

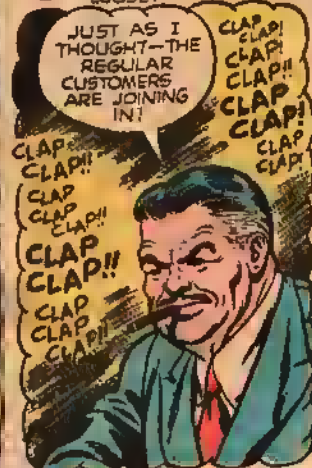




"WHEN HE CAME OUT AND STARTED HIS ROUTINE, I LOOKED OVER THE CROWD! AGAIN I COULD SEE IT—EVERY WOMAN IN THE PLACE WAS GAPING AND DROOLING AT HIM!"



"IT WAS HIS USUAL STUFF, BUT WHEN THE ACT ENDED, PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE!"



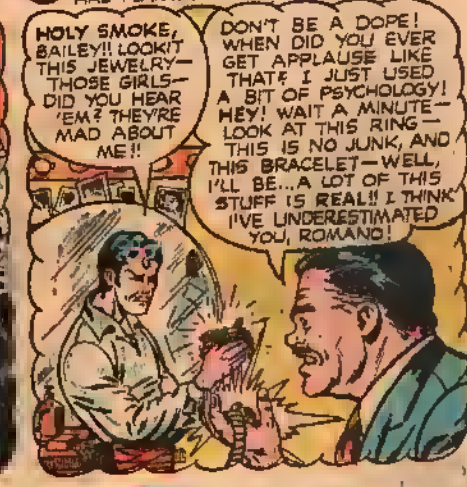
"AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT, THE GIRLS'D PLANTED IN THE AUDIENCE STARTED THROWING THE JUNK JEWELRY AND YELLING LIKE CRAZY!"



"I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! THE FIRST THING YOU KNEW, ALL THE SNOOTY UPTOWN DOLLS WERE TOSSING IN THEIR JEWELRY, TOO! ONLY THEIRS WASN'T JUNK! I TELL YOU, IT WAS AS IF THEY WERE HYPNOTIZED!"



"BACK IN HIS DRESSING ROOM, ROMANO WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH EXCITEMENT! HE THOUGHT ALL THE JEWELRY WAS REAL! HE STILL DIDN'T KNOW THAT I HAD PLANTED THOSE DAMES!"



"I HAD A BLANK CONTRACT IN MY POCKET, AND ROMANO, FORMERLY DAN RANCHER, AFTER MUCH SQUAWKING, SIGNED IT!"



"AND WHAT A HOLLER HE PUT UP WHEN I TOLD HIM THAT I PUT AN AD IN THE PAPERS FOR THE OWNERS OF THE GEMS! I ASKED 'EM TO COME AND CLAIM THEM!"



"BUT WHEN HE SAW THE PUBLICITY THAT STORY DREW, HE WISED UP A LITTLE—ESPECIALLY SINCE NONE OF THE BABES WANTED THEIR JEWELS BACK!"





"FROM THEN ON, ROMANO PACKED THEM IN AT THE HI-LIFE! I MADE THE MANAGER UP ROMANO'S SALARY FROM \$80 TO \$300 A WEEK!"



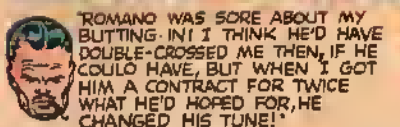
"ONE NIGHT, I SPOTTED JOE SELZ, A BIG HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE WATCHING ROMANO'S ACT!"



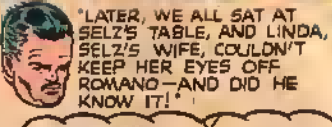
"WHEN IT WAS OVER, THE PRODUCER, JOE SELZ, DISAPPEARED! RIGHT AWAY I FIGURED HE WAS IN TALKING TO ROMANO, SO I BEAT IT TO HIS DRESSING ROOM TO PROTECT MY INTERESTS!"

"COME BACK LATER, BAILEY! I'M BUSY RIGHT NOW!"

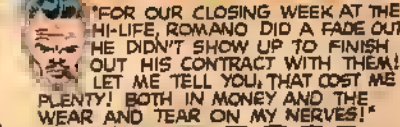
"SORRY, KID, BUT YOUR BUSINESS IS MY BUSINESS! LET ME IN!"



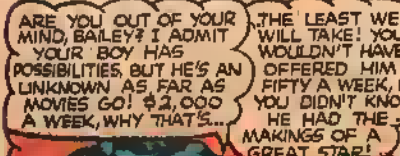
"ROMANO WAS SORE ABOUT MY BUTTING IN! I THINK HE'D HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME THEN, IF HE COULD HAVE, BUT WHEN I GOT HIM A CONTRACT FOR TWICE WHAT HE'D HOPED FOR, HE CHANGED HIS TUNE!"



"LATER, WE ALL SAT AT SELZ'S TABLE, AND LINDA, SELZ'S WIFE, COULDN'T KEEP HER EYES OFF ROMANO—AND DID HE KNOW IT!"

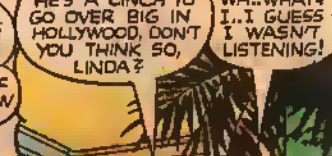


"FOR OUR CLOSING WEEK AT THE HI-LIFE, ROMANO DID A FADE OUT! HE DIDN'T SHOW UP TO FINISH OUT HIS CONTRACT WITH THEM! LET ME TELL YOU, THAT COST ME PLENTY! BOTH IN MONEY AND THE WEAR AND TEAR ON MY NERVES!"



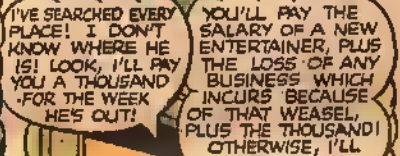
"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, BAILEY? I ADMIT YOUR BOY HAS POSSIBILITIES, BUT HE'S AN UNKNOWN AS FAR AS MOVIES GO! \$2,000 A WEEK, WHY THAT'S..."

"THE LEAST WE WILL TAKE! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE OFFERED HIM FIFTY A WEEK, IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT STAR!"



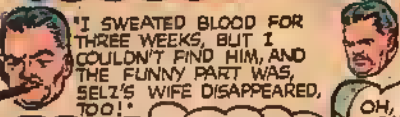
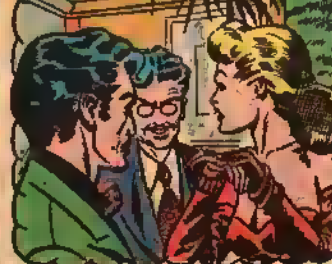
"HE'S A CINCINCH TO GO OVER BIG IN HOLLYWOOD, DON'T YOU THINK SO, LINDA?"

"WH...WHAT? I...I GUESS I WASN'T LISTENING!"

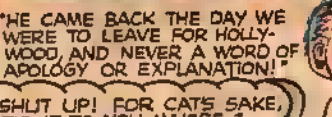


"I'VE SEARCHED EVERY PLACE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS! LOOK, I'LL PAY YOU A THOUSAND FOR THE WEEK HE'S OUT!"

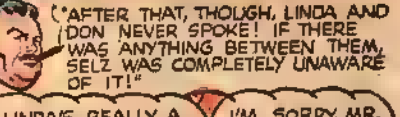
"YOU'LL PAY THE SALARY OF A NEW ENTERTAINER, PLUS THE LOSS OF ANY BUSINESS WHICH INCURS BECAUSE OF THAT WEASEL, PLUS THE THOUSAND! OTHERWISE, I'LL START SUIT IMMEDIATELY!"



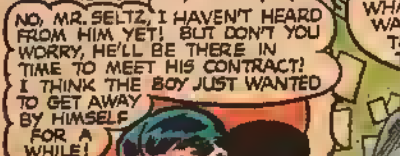
"I SWEATED BLOOD FOR THREE WEEKS, BUT I COULDN'T FIND HIM, AND THE FUNNY PART WAS, SELZ'S WIFE DISAPPEARED, TOO!"



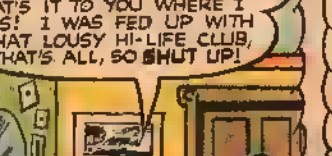
"HE CAME BACK THE DAY WE WERE TO LEAVE FOR HOLLYWOOD, AND NEVER A WORD OF APOLOGY OR EXPLANATION!"



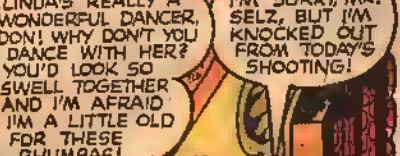
"AFTER THAT, THOUGH, LINDA AND I DON NEVER SPOKE! IF THERE WAS ANYTHING BETWEEN THEM, SELZ WAS COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF IT!"



"NO, MR. SELZ, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM YET! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, HE'LL BE THERE IN TIME TO MEET HIS CONTRACT! I THINK THE BOY JUST WANTED TO GET AWAY BY HIMSELF FOR A WHILE!"



"OH, SHUT UP! FOR CAT'S SAKE, WHAT'S IT TO YOU WHERE I WAS! I WAS FED UP WITH THAT LOUSY HI-LIFE CLUB, THAT'S ALL, SO SHUT UP!"



"LINDA'S REALLY A WONDERFUL DANCER, DON'T YOU DANCE WITH HER? YOU'D LOOK SO SWELL TOGETHER AND I'M AFRAID I'M A LITTLE OLD FOR THESE RHUMBAS!"

"I'M SORRY, MR. SELZ, BUT I'M KNOCKED OUT FROM TODAY'S SHOOTING!"



"HE'S AS BAD AS MY WIFE! SHE'S GONE OFF ON A REST TRIP! SHE WON'T TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!"





SURE THING,
MISTER!
JUST HAND
OVER THE
TICKETS!



"THE MINUTE ROMANO'S MUG CAME ON, MY HIRELINGS WENT TO WORK! - YOU NEVER HEARD SUCH AN OVATION! THEN, LIKE SHEEP, THE OTHER DAMES JOINED IN!"



MY
HERO!

ROMANO!

TRULY
THE GREAT
LOVER!

CO_2



ROMANO-THE GREAT
NEW STAR!

OPENING NIGHT
RIOT SQUAD CALLED!!

★ THE BIGGEST ★
SPECTACLE OF
AUDIENCE OVATION

**ROMANO ADMIRERS
STAGE OVATION!**




I G
DOW
OO
UP

TOSSED OUT? DON'T
BE AN IDIOT—THE
STUDIO WOULDN'T
DARE! MY FANS
WON'T LET THEM! AS
FOR YOU, WATCH
HOW YOU SPEAK
TO YOUR BREAD
AND BUTTER!

Don
Darling -
Love I love you!
Betty Denver
10-22
The man

Don. Romano -
Always good -
Betty. Carr
L. B. Carr

I LOVE YOU!

DON  LOVE
YOU
Barbara
Feb. 4. 60

"NOBODY ON THE SET LIKED THE GUY, AND TALK ABOUT NERVE, HE CAME AND WENT AS HE PLEASED! HE NEVER TOOK DIRECTION WITHOUT A GRIPE OF SOME SORT!"

WELL, WELL, ROMANO, YOU'RE ONLY TWO HOURS LATE THIS TIME! CAN'T YOU GET THIS THROUGH YOUR THICK NUT—WHEN YOU'RE LATE, BESIDES MESSING UP OUR SCHEDULE, THE STUDIO HAS TO PAY A CREW OF FIFTY TO STAND AROUND IDLE!

I'M AN ARTIST, AND A TRUE ARTIST CAN ONLY DO HIS BEST WHEN THE SPIRIT MOVES HIM—NOT WHEN THE CLOCK SAYS SO!

"HIS PERSONAL LIFE WAS FANTASTIC! WOMEN, WOMEN, WOMEN... WHAT THEY SAW IN THAT VAIN SNOB, I'LL NEVER KNOW!"

HELLOO DON!

WHO WAS THAT GIRL, DON? I'M JEALOUS!

OH, SOME LITTLE NOBODY! WHO CARES!

"THEN, SUDDENLY MY COMMISSION CHECKS STOPPED COMING! I WENT TO SEE HIM AT HIS HOUSE!"

"I ASKED HIM ABOUT MY CHECKS FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS!"

YOUR MONEY? YOU'RE FULL OF WIND, BAILEY! I DON'T OWE YOU ANY MONEY! I'M THROUGH GIVING YOU DOUGH! WHY SHOULD I?

WE'VE GOT A CONTRACT REMEMBER?

"THEN ROMANO PULLED OUT HIS ACE! HE CALLED IN HIS LAWYER, JOHN HODGES!"

MR. ROMANO IS RIGHT! THERE'S NOT A CONTRACT IN THE WORLD THAT'S AIR TIGHT, AND YOURS IS NO EXCEPTION! TRY TAKING IT TO COURT AND I'LL MAKE YOU PAY BACK ROMANO TEN PER CENT OF ALL HE GAVE YOU, PLUS COURT COSTS!

"I WAS SO MAD THAT LIKE A FOOL I SWUNG AND HIT THE NEAREST ONE TO ME! HIS LAWYER TOOK IT STRAIGHT ON THE JAW!"

OF ALL THE DIRTY DEALS, THIS TAKES THE CAKE!

"IT WAS THE WORST THING I COULD HAVE DONE! THEY THREATENED ME WITH AN ASSAULT CHARGE IF I DIDN'T LEAVE HOLLYWOOD! I MADE UP MY MIND I'D FIX ROMANO BEFORE I LEFT! A NEW PICTURE OF HIS WAS OPENING!"

REMEMBER, GIRLS, YOUR ORDERS ARE CHANGED THIS TIME!

OKAY, MR. BAILEY! ONLY, IT MAY CAUSE TROUBLE! HE'S VERY POPULAR!

"ON OPENING NIGHT, THE GIRLS I HIRED BOOED AND RAZED ROMANO... BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!"

BOO!!

HE STINKS!

YAAH!! PHOOIE! PHOOIE ON ROMANO!

DON'T YOU DARE SAY THAT ABOUT ROMANO!

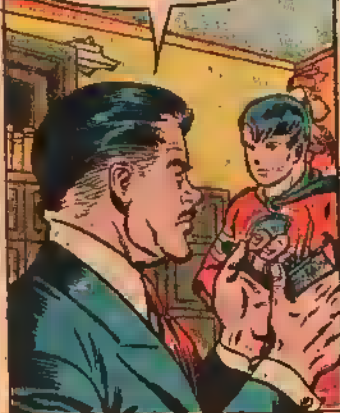
TAKE THAT BACK, YOU HUSSY!

"I HAD BUILT HIM UP TOO WELL! HE WERE THROWN OUT BY THE ROMANO FANS I HAD MADE FOR HIM!"

THROW 'EM OUT!!

IT'S SACRILEGE TO BOO ROMANO!

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I SAW ROMANO! THE ONLY THING THAT AMAZES ME IS THAT HE DIED ACCIDENTALLY! A GUY THAT STEPPED ON AS MANY TOES AS HE DID, I FIGURED WOULD GET HIMSELF MURDERED!



I'M NOT TOO CERTAIN THAT IT WASN'T MURDER! HE WAS A REGULAR VISITOR TO SUN VALLEY, AND ONE OF THE BEST SKIERS UP THERE! WOULD AN EXPERT SKIER CRACK UP ON SUCH A SIMPLE JUMP?



HEY, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! COULD BE—WELL, I WISH YOU LUCK ON YOUR INVESTIGATION, OF COURSE! BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE WORLD'S A BETTER PLACE WITHOUT HIM!

THANKS, MR. BAILEY! YOU'VE HELPED ME A LOT! BUT I WONDER IF YOU COULD SUGGEST ANYONE ELSE THAT MIGHT THROW SOME LIGHT ON ROMANO'S MORE RECENT ACTIVITIES?



WHY NOT TRY HODGES? HE TOOK OVER AS ROMANO'S WET NURSE AFTER HE EASED ME OUT!

NICE FELLOW, THAT ROMANO, EH, SQUEEKS? THE MORE I LEARN ABOUT HIM, THE MORE PROBABLE IT IS THAT HE WAS MURDERED! BUT HOW? WHO? WHY??

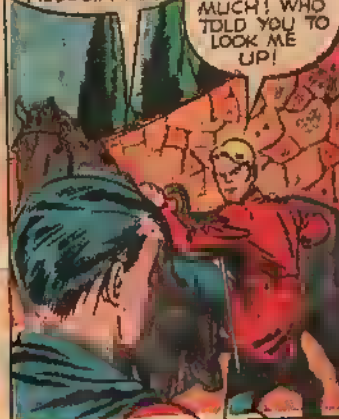


THIS IS QUITE A SHACK, HODGES HAS! OH, OH, MAYBE THAT'S HIM! PARDON ME! ARE YOU MR. HODGES?



YES, I AM! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MR. HODGES, MY NAME IS CRIME-BUSTER! I CAME TO GET SOME INFORMATION ABOUT ROMANO! I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU AND HE WERE CLOSELY ASSOCIATED!



I DOUBT IF I CAN HELP YOU MUCH! WHO TOLD YOU TO LOOK ME UP!

BUCK BAILEY—ROMANO'S OLD MANAGER



BAILEY, HUH? THEN I GUESS HE TOLD YOU HOW I HELPED ROMANO BREAK HIS CONTRACT! I'VE BEEN SORRY ABOUT THAT EVER SINCE!



"ROMANO GAVE ME A LINE ABOUT BAILEY FORCING HIM INTO THAT DEAL AND I FELL FOR IT! EVEN SO, I GUESS I DESERVED THE BEAUTY OF A SHINER BAILEY PLANTED ON ME THAT DAY!

HEY, YOU'D BETTER PUT SOME STEAK ON THAT EYE! I NEVER THOUGHT BAILEY'D HAVE THAT MUCH GUTS! NEVER MIND, I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU!



I NEVER SAW A GUY GET SO MAD!

"I THOUGHT I HAD A NICE SET-UP WITH ROMANO!"

FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL HANDLE ALL OF MY AFFAIRS FOR ME—MY SALARY AT THE STUDIO SHOULD BE UPPED! YOU'RE MY MISTER FIXIT NOW, SO GET TO WORK!



DON'T PUSH THEM TOO HARD, ROMANO! I CAN SWING IT, BUT LET ME DO IT MY WAY!

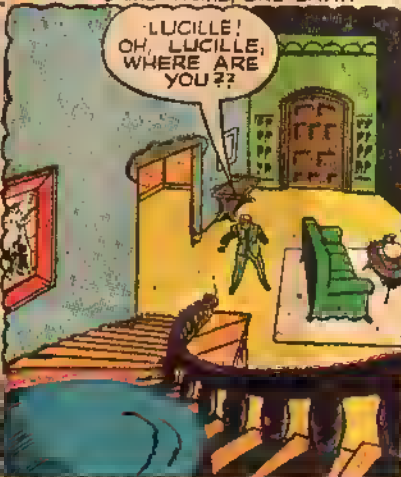
"WE BECAME THE BEST OF FRIENDS! HE CAME OVER FOR DINNER ONE NIGHT! I NOTICED. HE WAS PAYING A LOT OF ATTENTION TO MY WIFE! I TRIED NOT TO LET IT BOTHER ME!"



LUCILLE, MY DEAR, YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD! WHAT A PITY WE DID NOT MEET YEARS AGO!

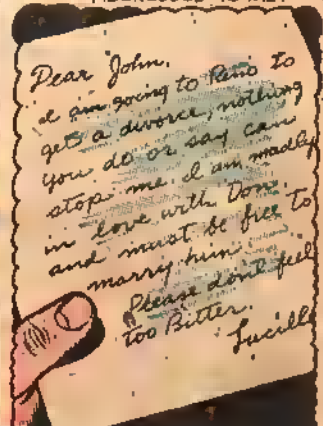
OH, DON, DO STOP SAYING SUCH THINGS!

"I KEPT TELLING MYSELF THAT ROMANO WOULDN'T TRY TO STEAL HIS BEST FRIEND'S WIFE! THEN I CAME HOME, ONE DAY..."



LUCILLE! OH, LUCILLE, WHERE ARE YOU??

"...AND SHE WASN'T IN! USUALLY SHE HAD DINNER WAITING FOR ME! I FELT SOMETHING WAS WRONG, AND I WAS RIGHT! ON HER DRESSER WAS A NOTE ADDRESSED TO ME!"



Dear John,
I am going to Reno to get a divorce, nothing you do or say can stop me. I am madly in love with Don, and must be free to marry him. Please don't feel too bitter.
Lucille

"I GAVE HER A DIVORCE AND NATURALLY I EXPECTED TO READ THAT THEY HAD MARRIED! AND THEN, ONE DAY I SAW ROMANO WITH ANOTHER GIRL! LUCILLE APPROACHED THEM..."



"SHE TRIED TO SPEAK TO ROMANO AND HE TURNED HIS BACK ON HER! SHE LOOKED STRICKEN!"



DON, MAY I TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE?

SORRY, LUCILLE, I'M IN A HURRY!

"I STARTED TOWARD HER—REMEMBER, I STILL LOVED LUCILLE BUT BEFORE I COULD REACH HER SHE HAD FLUNG HERSELF IN FRONT OF A PASSING CAR!"



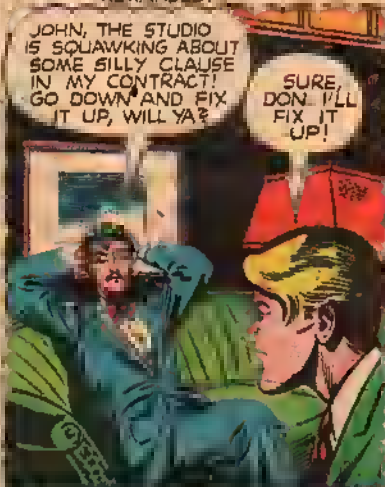
AIEEE!!

"THE POLICE CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT, BUT I KNEW IT WAS SUICIDE! ROMANO CAME TO HER FUNERAL AND OFFERED ME SYMPATHY! I HAD ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP MY SELF-CONTROL!"



I'M SORRY, JOHN! POOR LUCILLE, SHE WAS TOO LOVELY TO DIE! TOUGH LUCK, OLD MAN!

"I HID MY FEELINGS FROM HIM, BECAUSE I WANTED THE RIGHT KIND OF VENGEANCE! AND MY PATIENCE WAS SOON REWARDED!"



JOHN, THE STUDIO IS SQUAWKING ABOUT SOME SILLY CLAUSE IN MY CONTRACT! GO DOWN AND FIX IT UP, WILL YA?

SURE DON, I'LL FIX IT UP!

"I WENT TO HIS STUDIO, BUT INSTEAD OF STRAIGHTENING OUT HIS TROUBLE, I HELPED THE STUDIO GET RID OF HIM!"



I KNOW YOU'RE 'RED UP WITH ROMANO! EVEN THOUGH HE HAS A LOT OF FANS—WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I SHOWED YOU HOW YOU COULD BREAK HIS CONTRACT?

THERE'S \$10,000 IN IT FOR YOU, IF YOU CAN! DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

"OH, BABY! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ROMANO'S FACE WHEN HE CAME BUSTING INTO MY OFFICE!"

WHAT THE HECK KIND OF A LAWYER ARE YOU? THE STUDIO BROKE MY CONTRACT—I'M OUT, DO YOU HEAR? OUT!!

THEY DID? NOW HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY COULD'VE DONE THAT? HA, HA, HA! WHY, YOU BIG PHONEY, IT'S HIGH TIME THAT SOMEBODY GAVE YOU A GOING OVER—AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! YOU'VE BEEN BLACK-BALLED IN EVERY STUDIO ON THE COAST!



"THE MOVIE MOGULS DID A THOROUGH JOB ON HIM! NOT A SINGLE STUDIO WOULD HIRE THE RAT!"

WE WOULDN'T TOUCH YOU WITH A TEN-FOOT POLE, ROMANO! NOT OUR STUDIO, OR ANY OTHER! YOU MAY HAVE BUZZED THE PUBLIC, BUT NOT THE PEOPLE YOU'VE WORKED WITH!



"I HADN'T HEARD ABOUT HIM FOR A FEW WEEKS! I WAS SURE IT WAS THE END OF ROMANO—BUT I UNDERESTIMATED HIM!"

Movie Variety

DON ROMANO ORGANIZES OWN STUDIO

INVITES INVESTORS TO BUY STOCK IN NEWLY ORGANIZED COMPANY

TO TAKE OVER BANKRUPT GMG STUDIOS—IT WILL BE RENAMED "ROMANO MASTERPIECES"



"HE WAS SWAMPED WITH INVESTORS! ROMANO'S FANS EVEN CAME IN PERSON TO BUY STOCK! THE RIDT SQUAD HAD TO BE CALLED IN TO KEEP ORDER!"

PLEASE, LADIES, GET IN LINE—YOU HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN!

I WANT TEN SHARES IN MY DREAM BOY'S COMPANY!

I WANT TWENTY!

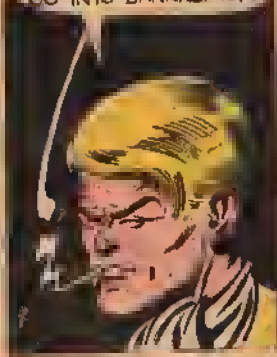
I WAS HERE, FIRST!



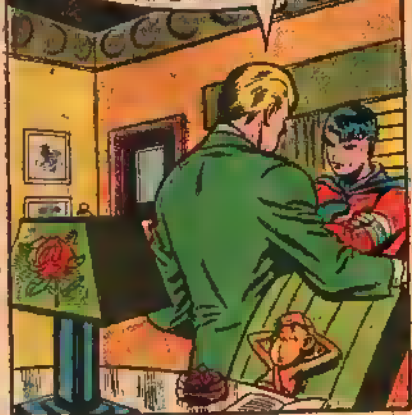
"HE RAISED MILLIONS, AND WITH IT, HE BOUGHT THE GMG STUDIOS!"



INSTEAD OF KNUCKLING DOWN TO WORK AND PRODUCING AT ONCE, ROMANO CONTINUED TO BE THE PLAYBOY! THE LAST I HEARD WAS THAT IF HE DIDN'T FINISH UP THE PICTURE HE WAS ON BY THE END OF THIS WEEK, HIS STUDIO WOULD GO INTO BANKRUPTCY!



THERE'S A CHANCE THAT ROMANO MAY HAVE BEEN MURDERED! IF IT'S TRUE, IT WAS AN OUTSIDER! IT'S DOUBTFUL THAT ANYONE ON THE SET WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM AT SUCH A CRUCIAL TIME! TOO MANY JOBS WERE AT STAKE!

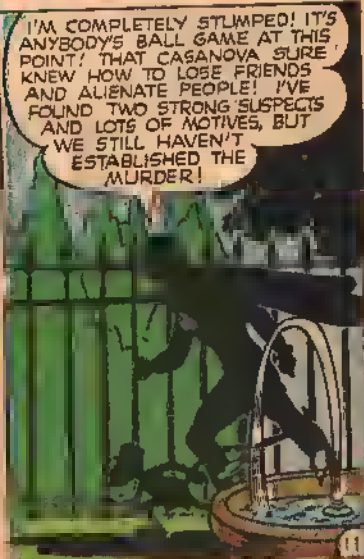


YOU'VE HELPED ME A LOT, HODGES! NOW, JUST ONE THING MORE—YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO ROMANO'S CURRENT FLAME WAS?

I'M SORRY, C.B., BUT THAT WOLF FLEW FROM ONE TO ANOTHER SO FAST, IT'S HARD TO SAY!



I'M COMPLETELY STUMPED! IT'S ANYBODY'S BALL GAME AT THIS POINT! THAT CASANOVA SURE KNEW HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND ALIENATE PEOPLE! I'VE FOUND TWO STRONG SUSPECTS AND LOTS OF MOTIVES, BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T ESTABLISHED THE MURDER!





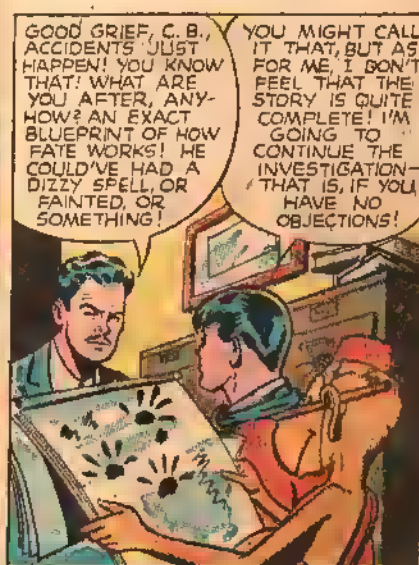
C.B.! FOR PETE'S SAKE, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR THREE DAYS!

CHECKING ON THE ROMANO CASE! I'M HEADING FOR THE STUDIO NOW—WANT TO COME ALONG?



WHAT FOR? THE CASE IS CLOSED! IT WAS AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH!

BUT DID YOU FIND THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT?



GOOD GRIEF, C.B., ACCIDENTS JUST HAPPEN! YOU KNOW THAT! WHAT ARE YOU AFTER, ANYHOW? AN EXACT BLUEPRINT OF HOW FATE WORKS! HE COULD'VE HAD A DIZZY SPELL, OR FAINTED, OR SOMETHING!

YOU MIGHT CALL IT THAT, BUT AS FOR ME, I DON'T FEEL THAT THE STORY IS QUITE COMPLETE! I'M GOING TO CONTINUE THE INVESTIGATION—THAT IS, IF YOU HAVE NO OBJECTIONS!



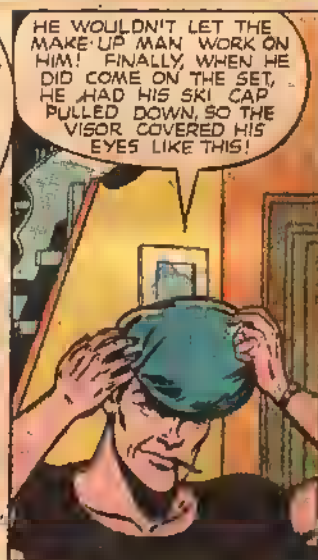
HELLO. THERE—YOU DID THE SHOOTING ON THAT LAST SCENE WITH ROMANO, DIDN'T YOU? DO YOU RECALL ANY STRANGERS ON THE LOT THAT DAY?

NOPE—NOT AS FAR AS I KNOW! ROMANO WAS VERY STRICT ABOUT THAT—I MEAN, THE WAY THE LOT WAS GUARDED, YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT WE WERE WORKING ON THE ATOM PROJECT!

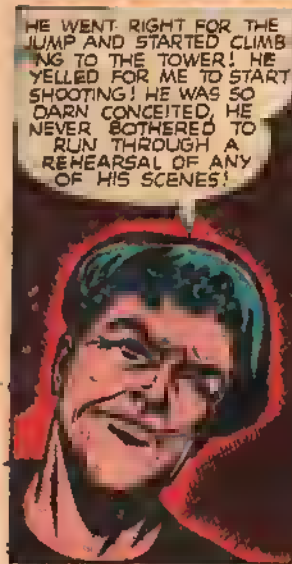


HOW DID HE ACT? WAS ROMANO NERVOUS THAT DAY? WAS THERE ANYTHING ODD ABOUT HIS BEHAVIOR?

HE WAS ALWAYS TEMPERAMENTAL, BUT THAT DAY HE WAS WORSE, IF THAT'S POSSIBLE! IT WAS THE FIRST DAY HE'D BEEN IN FOR OVER A WEEK!



HE WOULDN'T LET THE MAKE-UP MAN WORK ON HIM! FINALLY, WHEN HE DID COME ON THE SET, HE HAD HIS SKI CAP PULLED DOWN, SO THE VISOR COVERED HIS EYES LIKE THIS!



HE WENT RIGHT FOR THE JUMP AND STARTED CLIMBING TO THE TOWER! HE YELLED FOR ME TO START SHOOTING! HE WAS SO DARN CONCEITED, HE NEVER BOTHERED TO RUN THROUGH A REHEARSAL OF ANY OF HIS SCENES!



YOU MEAN YOU HAVE FILMS OF THAT SCENE? THEN THE CAMERAS CAUGHT HIS DEATH FALL!

SURE! LOOVER'S SEEN 'EM ALREADY! I CAN RUN THE REEL OFF FOR YOU, BUT THERE'S NOTHING MUCH TO SEE!



IF LOOVER DIDN'T SPOT ANYTHING, I PROBABLY WON'T, EITHER, BUT EVEN SO, I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM! YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?

HECK NO! C'MON UP TO THE PROJECTION ROOM!





LOOK! HIS EYES ARE CLOSED!!

WELL, I'LL BE... THEY ARE!!



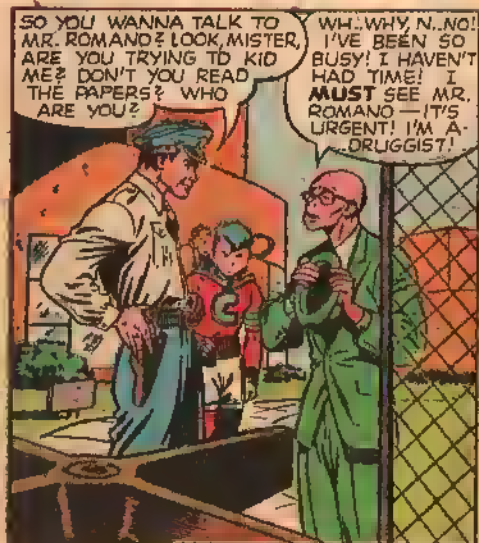
THEN HE DID COMMIT SUICIDE! HE DIDN'T WANT TO SEE THE GROUND COME UP AND MEET HIM! THAT'S WHY HE SHUT HIS EYES!

MAYBE SO, BUT IF YOU ASK ME, ROMANO LOVED HIMSELF TOO MUCH TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE!



MAYBE ALL OF A SUDDEN, HE LOST HIS NERVE—OR MAYBE HE HAD A BAD HANGOVER! HE WAS A RUMMY, YOU KNOW!

NO! I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE ANSWER! IT'S MORE THAN THAT—I MAY HAVE TO ORDER AN AUTOPSY! NOW IT'S GETTING MORE INTERESTING!



SO YOU WANNA TALK TO MR. ROMANO? LOOK, MISTER, ARE YOU TRYING TO KID ME? DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS? WHO ARE YOU?

WHY, WHY, N. NO! I'VE BEEN SO BUSY! I HAVEN'T HAD TIME! I MUST SEE MR. ROMANO—IT'S URGENT! I'M A DRUGGIST!



I'LL TALK TO THE MAN, OFFICER!

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU! JUST WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO SEE ROMANO ABOUT?



IT'S A LONG STORY, AND I FEEL TERRIBLY CONCERNED! MAYBE I'D BETTER START FROM THE BEGINNING! MY NAME IS DURKIN, AND I OWN A SMALL PHARMACY IN LAS VEGAS!



"LAST WEDNESDAY, I HAD JUST FINISHED TREATING A BURN ON THE HAND OF A LITTLE GIRL..."

THERE, DENISE, IT FEELS BETTER NOW, DOESN'T IT?

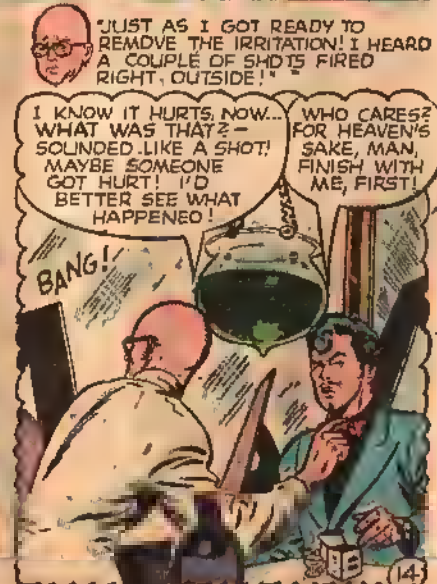
SNIFF! UH-HUH! THANK YOU, MR. DURKIN!



JUST AS THE CHILD LEFT, A WELL-DRESSED MAN RUSHED IN! HE COMPLAINED OF HAVING SOMETHING IN HIS EYES!

I CAUGHT SOMETHING IN MY EYES! IT HURTS LIKE BLAZES! CAN YOU FIX ME UP, DOCTOR?

SURE THING, MISTER! I'LL BE GLAD TO TRY! COME OVER TO THE WINDOW!



JUST AS I GOT READY TO REMOVE THE IRRITATION! I HEARD A COUPLE OF SHOTS FIRED RIGHT, OUTSIDE!"

I KNOW IT HURTS, NOW... WHAT WAS THAT?—SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT! MAYBE SOMEONE GOT HURT! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT HAPPENED!

WHO CARES? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MAN, FINISH WITH ME, FIRST!

BANG!

"I IGNORED HIM AND RAN OUTSIDE! A WOMAN WAS STAGGERING OUT OF A GREEN CONVERTIBLE! SHE WAS BLEEDING PROFUSELY!"



COME ON, I'LL HELP YOU INTO MY DRUG STORE! NOW TAKE IT EASY, LADY!

I'M DYING! OHHHH... HELP ME!

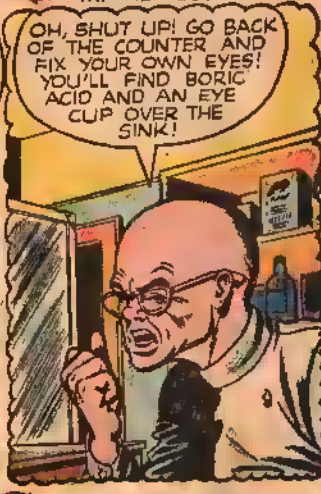
"BY THE TIME I GOT HER INTO THE STORE, SHE HAD FAINTED—THE MAN WAS STILL THERE, WAITING TO BEAT HECK!"



OW, MY EYES!! I WAS HERE, FIRST! GET ME FIXED UP FIRST, WILL YA?

LOOK, MISTER, THIS LADY WILL BLEED TO DEATH, UNLESS I TAKE CARE OF HER! YOUR EYES CAN WAIT!

"ALL THE TIME I WAS WORKING TO SAVE THE POOR LADY, HE KEPT HOLLERING! HE GOT ON MY NERVES!"



OH, SHUT UP! GO BACK OF THE COUNTER AND FIX YOUR OWN EYES! YOU'LL FIND BORIC ACID AND AN EYE CUP OVER THE SINK!

"HE WENT TO THE BACK OF MY STORE, AND I COULD HEAR HIM FUMBLING AROUND! THEN I HEARD POLICE SIRENS!"



"JUST BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVED, HE RUSHED OUT OF THE STORE!"



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING—STICK AROUND, SO I...

"AFTER THAT, THERE WAS A LOT OF CONFUSION—THE POLICE, DOCTORS...AN AMBULANCE!"



SHE'S DEAD! THERE WAS NOTHING MORE I COULD DO! WHO SHOT HER?

I DON'T KNOW! IT COULD HAVE BEEN MURDER, OR SUICIDE! I FOUND THE GUN IN THE CAR! ACCORDING TO THE REGISTRATION, HER NAME IS MRS. ELSIE AMES—POOR WOMAN!

"WHEN I WAS FINALLY ALONE, I STARTED STRAIGHTENING UP THE SHOP!"



SUCH A PRETTY GIRL—WHY WOULD SHE WANT TO COMMIT SUICIDE? WHAT A PITY!

"SUDDENLY I NOTICED THAT THE BORIC ACID WAS UNTOUCHED—INSTEAD..."



GOOD HEAVENS!! HE MUST HAVE WASHED HIS EYES WITH THE TANNIC ACID BY MISTAKE!

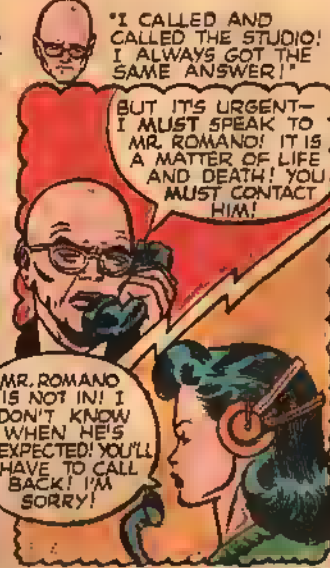
"I WAS FRANTIC! I RUSHED OUT ON THE STREET TO FIND HIM, BUT I KNEW IT WAS TOO LATE—HE WAS GONE!"



I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! THAT TANNIC ACID WILL BLIND HIM, IF HE DOESN'T RINSE IT OUT THOROUGHLY, AND SOON!



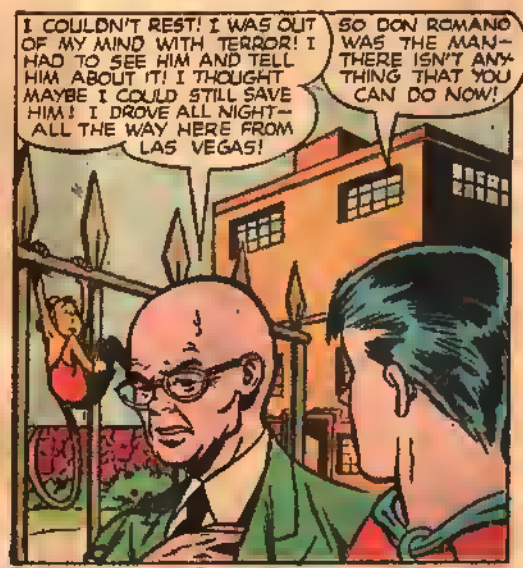
"LATE THAT NIGHT I NOTICED A CARD UNDER THE SINK—I FIGURED MAYBE HE'D DROPPED IT!"



"I CALLED AND CALLED THE STUDIO! I ALWAYS GOT THE SAME ANSWER!"

"BUT IT'S URGENT—I MUST SPEAK TO MR. ROMANO! IT IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH! YOU MUST CONTACT HIM!"

"MR. ROMANO IS NOT IN! I DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'S EXPECTED! YOU'LL HAVE TO CALL BACK! I'M SORRY!"



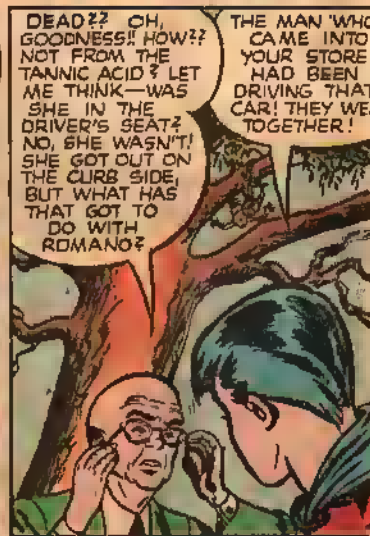
"I COULDN'T REST! I WAS OUT OF MY MIND WITH TERROR! I HAD TO SEE HIM AND TELL HIM ABOUT IT! I THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD STILL SAVE HIM! I DROVE ALL NIGHT—ALL THE WAY HERE FROM LAS VEGAS!"

"SO DON ROMANO WAS THE MAN—THERE ISN'T ANYTHING THAT YOU CAN DO NOW!"



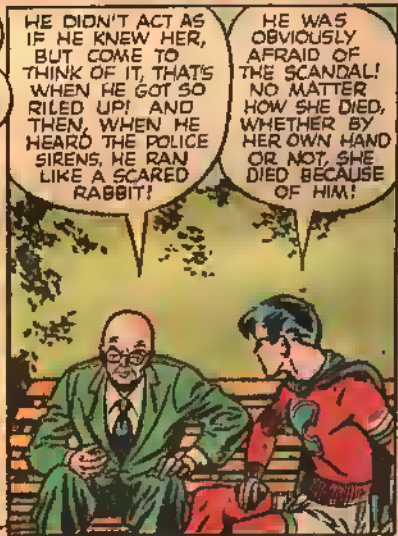
"THEN, IT'S TOO LATE! HE'S BLIND—THE POOR GUY! IF HE HADN'T BEEN IN SUCH A FOOL RUSH!"

"HE'S DEAD! TAKE IT EASY, MR. DURKIN! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT! TRY HARD TO REMEMBER—WHEN THE GIRL CLIMBED OUT OF THE CAR, WAS SHE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT?"



"DEAD?? OH, GOODNESS!! HOW?? NOT FROM THE TANNIC ACID? LET ME THINK—WAS SHE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT? NO, SHE WASN'T! SHE GOT OUT ON THE CURB SIDE, BUT WHAT HAS THAT GOT TO DO WITH ROMANO?"

"THE MAN WHO CAME INTO YOUR STORE HAD BEEN DRIVING THAT CAR! THEY WERE TOGETHER!"



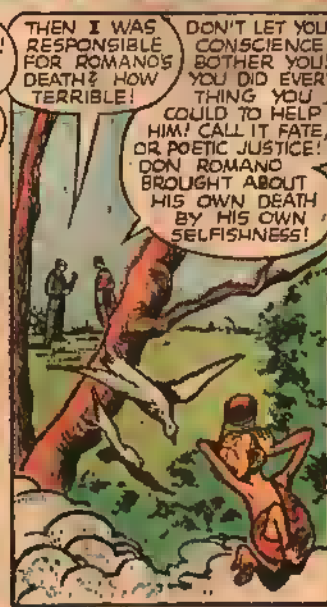
"HE DIDN'T ACT AS IF HE KNEW HER, BUT CAME TO THINK OF IT, THAT'S WHEN HE GOT SO RILED UP! AND THEN, WHEN HE HEARD THE POLICE SIRENS, HE RAN LIKE A SCARED RABBIT!"

"HE WAS OBVIOUSLY AFRAID OF THE SCANDAL! NO MATTER HOW SHE DIED, WHETHER BY HER OWN HAND OR NOT, SHE DIED BECAUSE OF HIM!"



"WHY THE LOW-DOWN SKUNK! IF I THOUGHT HE'D CAUSED THAT NICE GIRL'S DEATH, I'D SAY I WAS A FOOL TO WORRY OVER HIM!"

"HE DESERVED HIS PUNISHMENT! THE TANNIC ACID DID BLIND HIM, WHICH CAUSED HIM TO FALL FROM A SKI JUMP!"



"THEN I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ROMANO'S DEATH? HOW TERRIBLE!"

"DON'T LET YOUR CONSCIENCE BOTHER YOU! YOU DID EVERYTHING YOU COULD TO HELP HIM! CALL IT FATE, OR POETIC JUSTICE! DON ROMANO BROUGHT ABOUT HIS OWN DEATH BY HIS OWN SELFISHNESS!"



"YOU YOUNG SCALLYWAG, YOU DID IT AGAIN! IT'S A GOOD THING I'M NOT SENSITIVE, OR I'D HATE YOU FOR THE WAY YOU ALWAYS MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME, BUT TELL ME, C.B., HOW DO YOU THINK THAT AMES GIRL DIED? SHE WAS MARRIED, YOU KNOW! DO YOU THINK YOU COULD MAKE A CASE OUT OF THAT?"

"NO, LOOVER! SHE WAS A SUICIDE! SHE HAD POWDER BURNS, AND ONLY HER FINGERPRINTS WERE ON THE GUN! I IMAGINE THAT ROMANO AND SHE HAD HARSH WORDS! WHEN SOMETHING BLEW INTO HIS EYES, HE GOT OUT! SHE MUST HAVE THOUGHT THAT IT WAS AN EXCUSE TO GET AWAY FROM HER!"

THE END

NO GREATER GLORY!

IF THERE WERE OSCARS, MEDALS AND TROPHIES FOR ACHIEVEMENT IN MAGAZINE PUBLISHING, NO PRIZE COULD GIVE US MORE GLORIOUS, EMOTIONAL SATISFACTION THAN THIS SINCERE LETTER FROM A BOY!

Daar Sars,

~~Whean~~
Whean I was 8 years I wanted to be
a crook whean I was ~~8~~ 9 I bagan reading
Crime Don't Pay. Now I am 10 and I want to
be a cop whean I grow up. now I ~~h~~ have
~~found~~ found out what happend to crooks
so now I am a good BOY.

Carl James Powell

Box 51/2 512

Kunta Gorda, Fla.



IF CRIME DOES NOT PAY DOES NO MORE THAN ENTERTAIN, IT FULFILLS ITS OBLIGATION TO ITS READERS, BUT THIS LETTER SCREAMINGLY ATTESTS THAT IT IS OUT TO DO MORE—**AND DOES IT!**

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$2⁰⁰

Dear Reader

In every issue of BOY COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of BOY COMICS we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law, who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society. CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I regret to inform you that I have not received the last copy of BOY COMICS. I may, however, be mistaken in the above statement. I would appreciate your kind attention in the matter. I signed up for your book in January. Since then, I have received three copies of DAREDEVIL and only one of BOY COMICS. CRIME DOES NOT PAY I have been receiving regularly. As long as I am dropping you a few lines, I may as well tell you with deepest regards that your trio of magazines is the best on the market today. Like most older persons, I like a book that is not too fantastic. Your magazines are, in my estimation, the only real down to earth magazines there are. When my little youngster grows up, I shall make it a point that she reads your magazines.

Sincerely, Carl Ochs

2412A N. Fifth St., Milwaukee 12, Wisc.

Because of the fact that there is a shortage of material, space and personnel, we have had to give the work of fulfilling our subscriptions to an outside organization and, therefore, cannot always keep track of all the subscriptions, to be sure that each is sent a copy of all the books as they come off press. Often mistakes are made or the names are not printed and that is why you missed getting your books. We are making a special effort to be sure this does not happen again.

I can't agree with Howard Tidy in issue No. 34 about bringing back old stories of CRIME-BUSTER. For some people, who haven't read the old stories this is just fine, but what about your readers who have read most of the old stories? They wouldn't find them as interesting as new ones. They can dig up the old books and read the stories over and still look forward to new stories in the future. I think that your comic book is the best on the newsstand.

A loyal and completely satisfied reader
Renate Engel, 68 Church St., Hamden, Conn.

This point is open for discussion. The majority must be served.

I've never taken so much interest in comics before, but since I started reading BOY, DAREDEVIL and CRIME DOES NOT PAY, I found out that I really had the wrong notion about comics.

When I read the CRIMEBUSTER stories in No. 35 BOY COMICS, they taught me not to be greedy and hasty. I really appreciate it. Only God knows why I used to hate comics, but you've given me the right ideas and all I can say is "Thank you."

Faithfully yours, Betty Matsuo

P.O. Box 56, Capt. Cook, Kona, Hawaii

It's regrettable how some people, who have formed early impressions of comic books long ago, will not concede that they have developed and matured into what is probably the most important medium of entertainment on the American scene, and this is no idle talk, 35,000,000 fans keep coming back for more each month.

I am a knitting class instructor in Hartford, Conn. In my class there are forty girls. During one of my classes, we happened to discuss comic books. In the process, an open vote was suggested and the forty girls voted BOY COMICS as the best published. When I read it, I too was amazed at its contents. Now I never miss an issue.

A loyal reader, Jean Barrett

—60 Cedar Street, Hartford, Conn.

School was never like that in our day.

I am the President of the club called The Big Three Comic Club. The three big comics are BOY COMICS, DAREDEVIL and CRIME DOES NOT PAY. After reading each book we stage a play with the book characters and they're all four star. Congratulations on your good work.

Yours truly, Bobby O'Neill

486 Tenth St., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

Please reserve two tickets for the next performance.

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to BOY COMICS, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

CRIMEBUSTER

THE QUANTITY OF A MOVIE ACTOR'S FAN MAIL IS THE DECIDING FACTOR, WHEN HIS STUDIO CONSIDERS RENEWING THE OPTION IN HIS CONTRACT!

SO IT IS WITH THE AUTHOR AND HIS PUBLISHER! LIKEWISE, THE ONLY BAROMETER A COMIC BOOK ARTIST HAS WITH HIS READERS, IS THE WRITTEN WORD! ITS THE READERS WHO, IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, DECIDE THE POLICY AND THE NATURE OF THE STORIES IN HIS STRIP! THERE IS NOTHING THAT MANY AN ARTIST WON'T DO, AND THAT GOES FOR ANY MEDIUM, IN ORDER TO IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF HIS WORK! HE KNOWS THAT EVEN IF HIS STUDIO EDITOR, OR ART DIRECTOR MAY NOT FULLY APPRECIATE HIS EXTRA EFFORT, HIS PUBLIC WILL!

LAST YEAR I HAD, BY CHANCE, WRITTEN A CRIMEBUSTER STORY THAT WAS SET IN AN AVIATION BACKGROUND! IT REQUIRED SOME RESEARCH! KNOWING THAT MOST AMERICAN BOYS WERE WELL INFORMED ON THIS SUBJECT, I WANTED VERY MUCH FOR THE FLYING SEQUENCES IN IT TO BE TECHNICALLY ACCURATE! IT SO TURNED OUT THAT EVEN MY BEST EFFORT FELL FAR SHORT OF PERFECTION! I WAS DELUGED WITH CRITICAL LETTERS! I WASN'T DISCOURAGED, HOWEVER, FOR BETWEEN THE GRIPE IN THOSE LETTERS, I REALIZED THAT I HAD UNDERESTIMATED AMERICA'S INTEREST IN FLYING!

I HAVE WRITTEN MANY CRIMEBUSTER STORIES ABOUT FLYING SINCE THEN, BUT I HAVEN'T RECEIVED ONE CRITICAL LETTER ON THIS SUBJECT! THE REASON FOR THAT BEING "PRIVATE PILOT CERTIFICATE #11126," RECENTLY ISSUED TO YOURS TRULY! HENCE, ANOTHER FLYING BACKGROUND!

Charles Biro



Story by
CHARLES BIRO

WHO SAYS WE'RE NOT A PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL! BOY, O'BOY, THAT'S FOR ME!

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS—IT STILL HAS TO BE APPROVED BY THE P.T.A.!

OH, THAT'S IN THE BAG! THE IDEA COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN THIS FAR WITHOUT THEIR OKAY!

BOARD

NOTICE

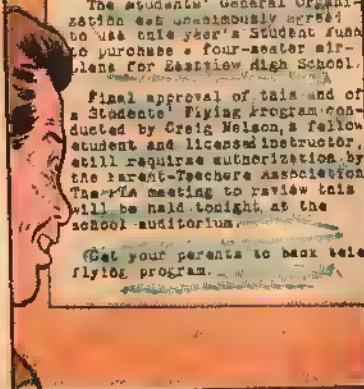
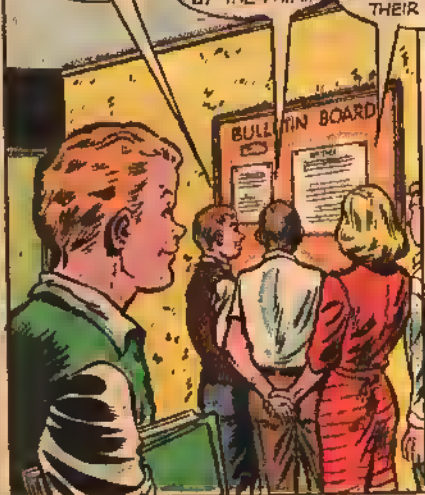
The students' General Organization has unanimously agreed to use this year's Student fund to purchase a four-seater airplane for Eastview High School.

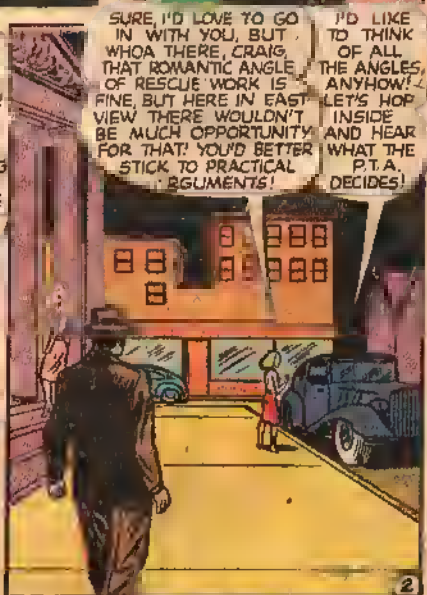
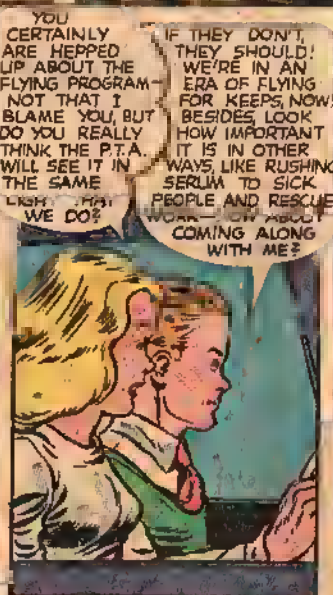
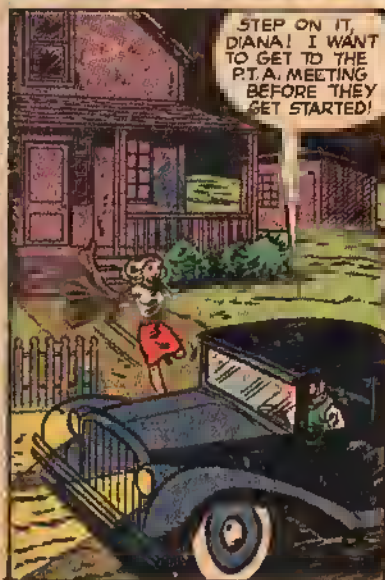
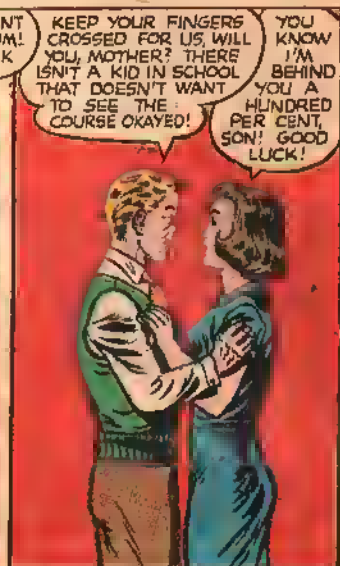
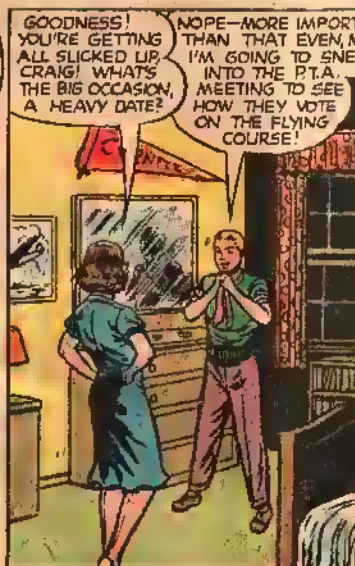
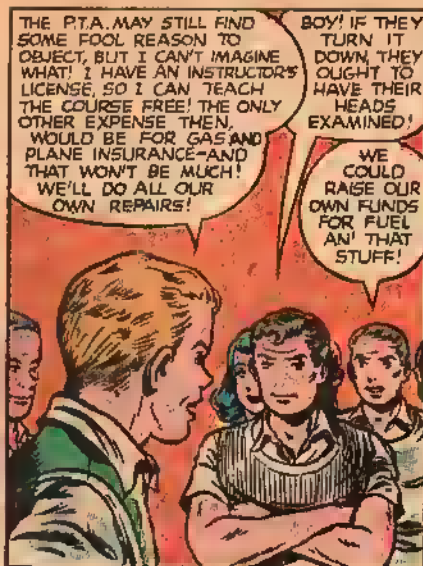
Final approval of this and of a Students' Flying Program conducted by Craig Nelson, a fellow student and licensed instructor, still requires authorization by the Parent-Teachers Association. The P.T.A. meeting to review this will be held tonight at the school auditorium.

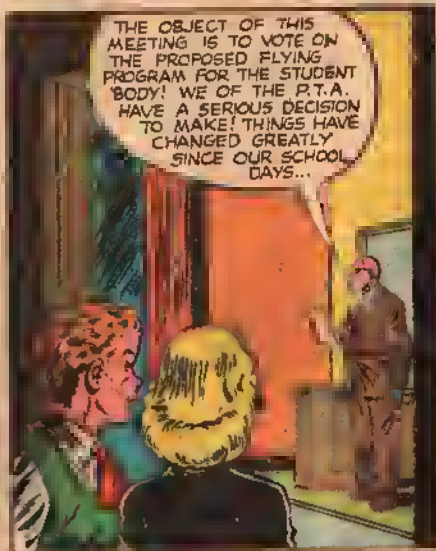
(Get your parents to back the flying program.)

CRAIG, YOU'RE A WIZARD! YOUR IDEA OF HAVING THE STUDENTS PUT UP THE OUGH FOR THE PLANE WILL BYPASS ANY FINANCIAL OBJECTIONS THE P.T.A. MIGHT'VE HAD! IT CAN'T MISS!

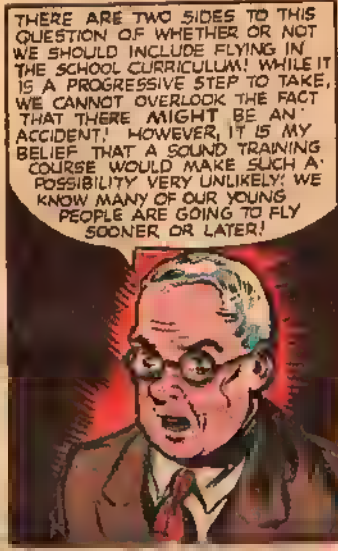
THANKS, LOU! DID YOU KNOW, THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH IN THE GENERAL ORGANIZATION'S TREASURY TO SWING IT RIGHT NOW!







THE OBJECT OF THIS MEETING IS TO VOTE ON THE PROPOSED FLYING PROGRAM FOR THE STUDENT BODY! WE OF THE P.T.A. HAVE A SERIOUS DECISION TO MAKE! THINGS HAVE CHANGED GREATLY SINCE OUR SCHOOL DAYS...



THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO THIS QUESTION OF WHETHER OR NOT WE SHOULD INCLUDE FLYING IN THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM! WHILE IT IS A PROGRESSIVE STEP TO TAKE, WE CANNOT OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT THERE MIGHT BE AN ACCIDENT! HOWEVER, IT IS MY BELIEF THAT A SOUND TRAINING COURSE WOULD MAKE SUCH A POSSIBILITY VERY UNLIKELY! WE KNOW MANY OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE ARE GOING TO FLY SOONER OR LATER!

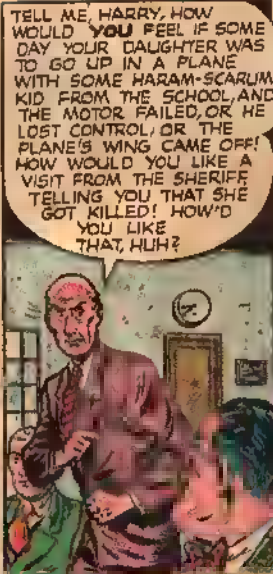


...THIS, I BELIEVE IT IS BETTER THAT THEY BE TRAINED UNDER OUR SUPERVISION! I BELIEVE WE CAN BEST SERVE THEIR INTERESTS BY GIVING OUR FULL APPROVAL TO THE FLYING COURSE THEY HAVE REQUESTED!

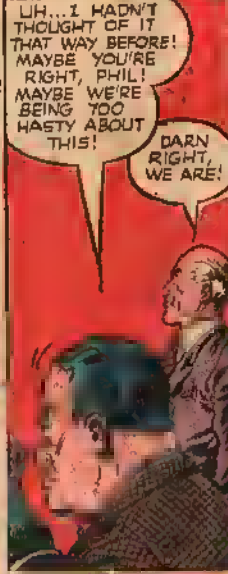
I OBJECT!!



I'M AGAINST A FLYING COURSE FOR OUR KIDS! AIRPLANES ARE DANGEROUS AND THEY ALWAYS WILL BE! WHAT'S PROGRESSIVE ABOUT ENCOURAGING OUR CHILDREN TO GO UP IN A FLIMSY PLANE THAT MAY FALL APART IN MID-AIR AND KILL THEM?



TELL ME, HARRY, HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF SOME DAY YOUR DAUGHTER WAS TO GO UP IN A PLANE WITH SOME HARAM-SCARUM KID FROM THE SCHOOL, AND THE MOTOR FAILED, OR HE LOST CONTROL, OR THE PLANE'S WING CAME OFF! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A VISIT FROM THE SHERIFF TELLING YOU THAT SHE GOT KILLED! HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT, HUH?



UH... I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY BEFORE! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, PHIL! MAYBE WE'RE BEING TOO HASTY ABOUT THIS!

DARN RIGHT, WE ARE!

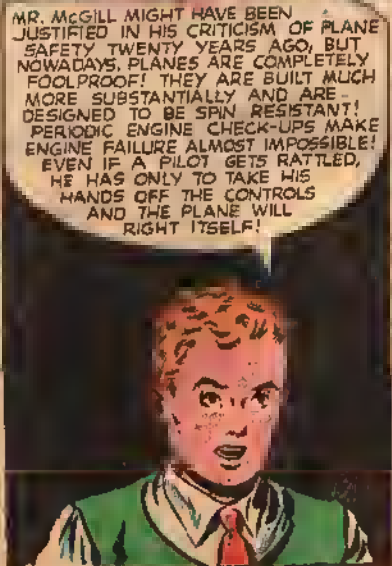


PLEASE! MAY I SAY SOMETHING?

SORRY, CRAIG, STUDENTS AREN'T PERMITTED TO SPEAK AT THESE MEETINGS!

AW, LET THE BOY HAVE HIS SAY!

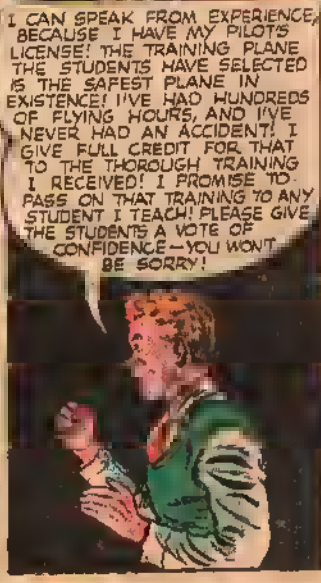
GO AHEAD, CRAIG, WHAT IS IT?



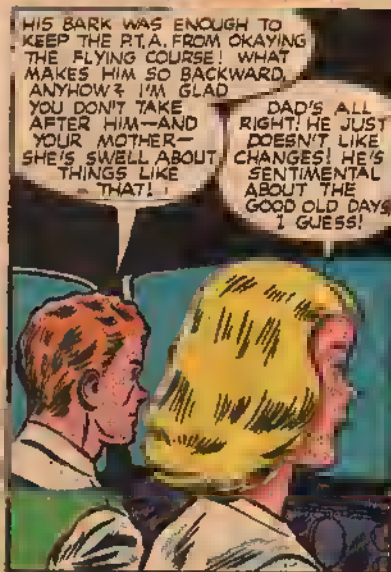
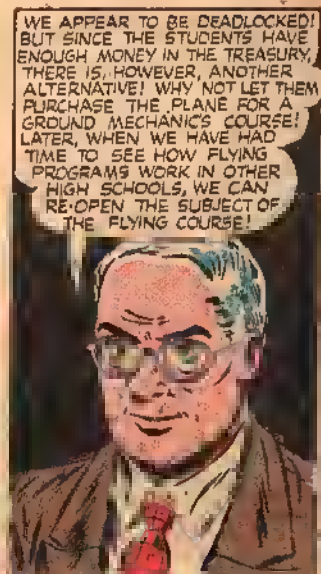
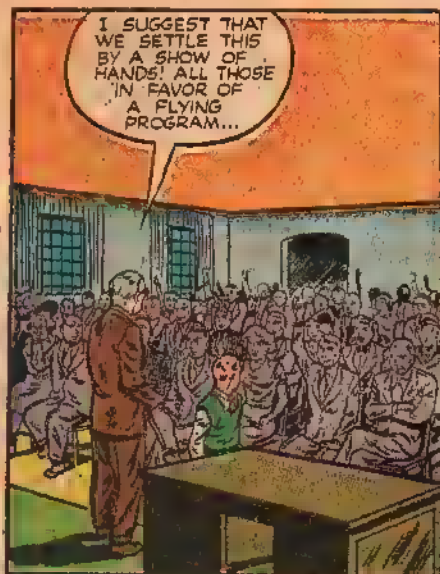
MR. MCGILL MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUSTIFIED IN HIS CRITICISM OF PLANE SAFETY TWENTY YEARS AGO, BUT NOWADAYS, PLANES ARE COMPLETELY FOOLPROOF! THEY ARE BUILT MUCH MORE SUBSTANTIALLY AND ARE DESIGNED TO BE SPIN RESISTANT! PERIODIC ENGINE CHECK-UPS MAKE ENGINE FAILURE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE! EVEN IF A PILOT GETS RATTLED, HE HAS ONLY TO TAKE HIS HANDS OFF THE CONTROLS AND THE PLANE WILL RIGHT ITSELF!



YOU KNOW THAT MANY OF MY GENERATION WILL BE FLYERS SOME DAY, WOULDN'T IT BE WISER TO LET THEM LEARN THE RIGHT WAY WHERE STUDENTS ARE TAUGHT THE PROPER RESPECT FOR THE CARE AND HANDLING OF A PLANE, THAN TO FORBID THEM TO FLY? THEY'LL ONLY FIND SOME OTHER WAY!



I CAN SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE, BECAUSE I HAVE MY PILOT'S LICENSE! THE TRAINING PLANE THE STUDENTS HAVE SELECTED IS THE SAFEST PLANE IN EXISTENCE! I'VE HAD HUNDREDS OF FLYING HOURS, AND I'VE NEVER HAD AN ACCIDENT! I GIVE FULL CREDIT FOR THAT TO THE THOROUGH TRAINING I RECEIVED! I PROMISE TO PASS ON THAT TRAINING TO ANY STUDENT I TEACH! PLEASE GIVE THE STUDENTS A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE—YOU WON'T BE SORRY!



Bing Oct., 1948

YIPPEEE!!
ISN'T SHE A BEAUTY? O' BOY, O' BOY, O' BOY!

HEY! IT'S A FOUR-SEATER! HOT DIGGETY! WE'LL BE GOIN' ON DOUBLE DATES IN THIS SOME DAY! PRRRRR...

HEY, WHERE ARE THE WINGS AND THE PROPELLER?

IT HAS TO BE ASSEMBLED, YOU GOOF! THAT'S HOW IT CAME!

BOY, DOESN'T THE STADIUM SHELTER MAKE A SWELL HANGAR?

HEY CRAIG, WHAT ARE THESE THINGS FOR?

THEY'RE THE WING 'STRUITS. YOU APE! DON'T BOTHER CRAIG WITH SILLY QUESTIONS!

WHEN DOES OUR GROUND SCHOOL START, CRAIG?

YOU SURE KNOW ABOUT PLANES INSIDE OUT, CHUM! WHO TAUGHT YOU ALL THAT STUFF? AND HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO GET A PILOT'S LICENSE AT SEVENTEEN?

OH... I JUST LEARNED! EXCUSE ME

??? WHY DID HE CLAM UP LIKE THAT? WHAT'S EATIN' THE GUY?

YOU SAPI! CRAIG'S FATHER WAS AN AIR FORCE CAPTAIN! HE TAUGHT HIM TO FLY WHEN HE WAS STATIONED IN TEXAS!

LATER, HIS FATHER WAS SHIPPED OVERSEAS AND GOT SHOT DOWN OVER GERMANY! CRAIG WAS CRAZY ABOUT HIS DAD! HE DOESN'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT IT!

OH...H...

OKAY! HOLD IT THERE, DIANA! ITS PERFECT— 2400 FEET! IT JUST MEETS THE MINIMUM C.A.A. REQUIREMENT FOR A LANDING STRIP!

BUT CRAIG, IT'S NOT NEARLY AS WIDE— WHAT ABOUT THAT? I MEAN, IF THE WIND COMES FROM THE NORTH OR SOUTH?

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN ALWAYS LAND OKAY IN A CROSS-WIND! YOU JUST KEEP YOUR WING IN THE WIND DOWN!

MOST OF YOUR TAKE OFFS AND LANDINGS ARE GOING TO BE AT THE WEST END OF THE FIELD, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO BE FLYING OVER OUR PROPERTY! I'M AFRAID DAD ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THAT TOO MUCH!

I KNOW! BUT THIS IS THE ONLY FIELD I CAN USE! BESIDES, I'LL ONLY BE FLYING WEEK- ENDS— THAT IS, IF THE G.O. WILL LET ME RENT THE PLANE ON WEEK ENDS!

CRAIG'S ASKED IF HE COULD SAY A FEW WORDS TO US! HE HAS WHAT I THINK IS A SWELL PROPOSITION!

AS THINGS ARE, ON WEEK ENDS THE SHIP IS JUST SITTING THERE! IT SEEMS A SHAME, BECAUSE IF I HAD THE USE OF IT, I COULD EARN A NICE PIECE OF CHANGE BY GIVING RIDES AND CROP DUSTING AN' STUFF! I'LL GIVE HALF OF WHAT I EARN TO OUR G.O. FUND, TO HELP PAY FOR THE FLYING COURSE, WHEN AND IF IT'S FINALLY APPROVED BY THE P.T.A.

AYE!

AYE!

AYE!

GEE, THANKS! YOU WON'T BE SORRY!

SWELL IDEA!

I'M FOR IT!

Daily Leader

CRAIG JAMESON'S AIRPLANE SERVICE WEEKENDS ONLY CROP DUSTING AIR EXPRESS PASSENGER SERVICE RIDES — \$2.00 Phone SE-1002

IT'S PREPOSTEROUS! I WON'T STAND FOR IT! HE CAN'T OPERATE AN AIRPORT NEXT TO MY LAND! HE HAS NO RIGHT TO USE THE SCHOOL PLANE!

NOW, DAD, THE C.A.A. APPROVED CRAIG'S FIELD, AND THE STUDENTS OWN THE PLANE, NOT THE SCHOOL, SO THEY HAD EVERY RIGHT TO RENT IT TO CRAIG!

CRAIG? THIS IS MR. HARD! I MUST BE IN THE CITY BY NOON, TODAY! IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF YOU GETTING ME THERE IN TIME?

SURE, MR. HARD! IF YOU CAN GET TO MY FIELD BY ELEVEN A.M., I'LL HAVE YOU AT THE CITY AIRPORT BY 11:45!

WHY, THERE'S THE CITY AIRPORT NOW, AND IT'S ONLY 11:40! CRAIG, YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM A MIGHTY TOUGH SPOT! HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?

TEN DOLLARS, SIR! THAT'S MY REGULAR RATE FOR THIS TRIP!

HERE, CRAIG, I INSIST THAT YOU TAKE THIS! BY GETTING ME HERE ON TIME, YOU'VE SAVED ME OVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

GOSH! FIFTY DOLLARS! THANKS AN AWFUL LOT! AT THIS RATE I'LL OWN MY OWN PLANE IN NO TIME!

I SURE HOPE MR. CLARK LIKES THIS CROP DUSTING JOB I'M DOING FOR HIM! IT LOOKS EFFECTIVE FROM UP HERE!

THAT'S THE BEST SPRAYING JOB I EVER HAD DONE! YOU DID IT IN TWO HOURS! DO YOU KNOW, IT USUALLY TAKES ME A WEEK AND AT THAT, I HAVE TO HIRE EXTRA MEN TO HELP ME! WHAT DO I OWE YOU?

I FIGURED TWENTY DOLLARS—IS THAT OKAY?

IS IT OKAY? LISTEN, IT USED TO COST ME OVER TWO HUNDRED BUCKS DOING IT THE HARD WAY! YOU DESERVE A BONUS, AND FROM NOW ON, YOU CAN HAVE ALL MY BUSINESS!

Boy Feb. 1948



DRAT THAT BOY! HE RUNS ALL MY WEEK- ENDS FLYING OVER HERE! I TRIED TO GET AN INJUNCTION TO STOP HIM, BUT THE COURT TURNED ME DOWN!



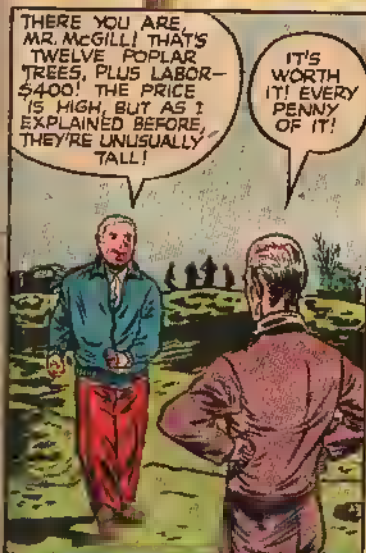
Y'KNOW, PHIL, IF I WERE YOU, I'D JUST SET UP A ROW OF TALL TREES DOWN WHERE YOUR PROPERTY LINE JOINS HIS! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT WOULD CLIP HIS WINGS! I NOTICE HE CAN'T GET MUCH ALTITUDE AT THAT POINT OF HIS TAKE-OFF!

A ROW OF TREES— DAN, YOU'RE A GENIUS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?



A WEEK LATER... PHIL! THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE WITH A TRUCK LOAD OF FULL-GROWN TREES! HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT YOU ORDERING THEM!

FINE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HIM! GIVE ME MY CHECK BOOK!



THERE YOU ARE, MR. MCGILL! THAT'S TWELVE POPLAR TREES, PLUS LABOR—\$400! THE PRICE IS HIGH, BUT AS I EXPLAINED BEFORE, THEY'RE UNUSUALLY TALL!

IT'S WORTH IT! EVERY PENNY OF IT!



THERE! NOW LET'S SEE THAT YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER GET HIS PLANE UP! WILL HE GET A SURPRISE IN THE MORNING!



HAPPY LANDINGS, CRAIG! I WISH I WAS YOUR PASSENGER, INSTEAD OF THAT OL' PRIZE HOG!



HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THE END OF THAT RUNWAY! THOSE TREES—HOW DID THEY GET THERE? CRAIG'LL NEVER MAKE IT! HEY, CRAIG! CRAIG!!

WE DOESN'T SEE US!



YIPES!! WHAT GOES ON?? THOSE TREES—THEY WEREN'T THERE YESTER... HOLY...



WHEW!! THAT'S THE CLOSEST CALL I'VE EVER HAD! NOW, IF I CAN KEEP IT FROM STALLING OUT, I'LL BE CRAIG!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT PIECE OF DIRTY WORK? WELL, FELLOWS, IT LOOKS AS IF MY FLYING BUSINESS IS ENDED! THE PREVAILING WINDS ARE FROM THE WEST, WHICH MEANS TAKING OFF INTO THOSE TREES, AND THAT'S BAD! I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN ON DAYS WHEN THE WIND'S FROM ANOTHER QUARTER!

IT'S A LOUSY TRICK! THAT MCGILL SURE IS A MEAN CUSTOMER!

NOBODY COULD BE THAT ROTTEN! OF ALL THE DIRTY STUNTS!

OLD MAN MCGILL NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON! HE HAS NO RIGHT TO WRECK CRAIG'S BUSINESS! I'VE GOT A SCHEME! TONIGHT, AFTER DARK...



QUIET! REMEMBER, ONE SOUND AND OLD SOURPUSS WILL BE OUT WITH A SHOT GUN, AND I'M ALLERGIC TO BUCK SHOT!



CRAIG! I'M HERE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS! MCGILL'S JUST SIGNED A WARRANT, CHARGING YOU WITH CUTTING DOWN TREES ON HIS PROPERTY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

TREES? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN SHERIFF?

JUMPIN' JOE! THOSE CRAZY KIDS! I SUPPOSE THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE DOING ME A FAVOR! I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE, BUT I GUESS IT WOULD BE HARD TO PROVE IT! WHAT CAN I DO TO SQUARE THINGS UP?

MCGILL IS WILLING TO DROP THE CHARGES, PROVIDING YOU PAY THE COSTS—\$400!

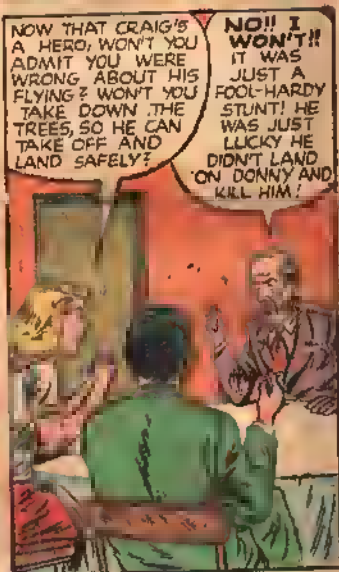
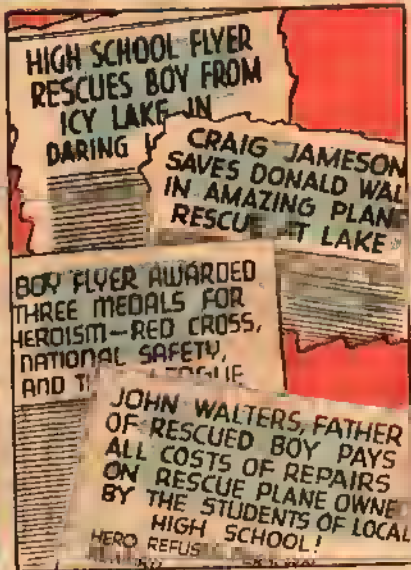
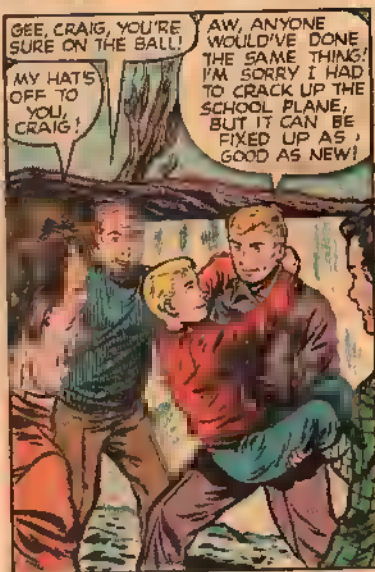
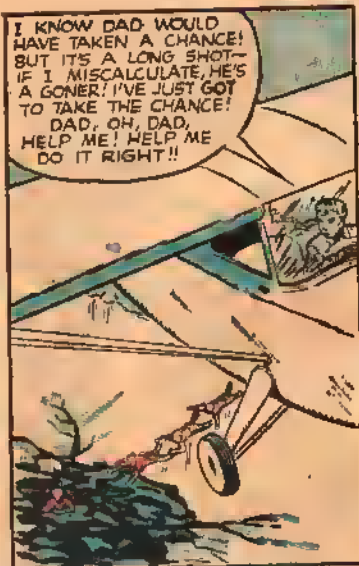
FOUR HUNDRED BUCKS!! WOW!! THAT CLEANS ME OUT OF ALL THE FLYING MONEY I'VE EARNED THIS FALL! I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE! WAIT A SEC AND I'LL GIVE YOU MY CHECK!

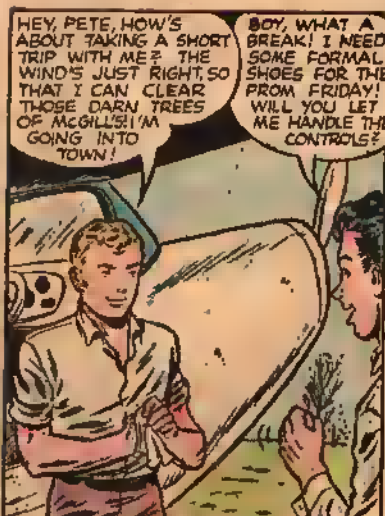
IT'S TOUGH, KID! MCGILL'S A LOUSE TO HAVE PUT UP THOSE TREES IN THE FIRST PLACE! BUT HE'S WITHIN HIS RIGHTS!

UH-UH! DAD TOOK THE MONEY YOU PAID HIM, TO BUY MORE, AND THIS TIME HE'S PUTTING EIGHT-FOOT STEEL GUARDS AROUND THE TRUNKS! I'M AWFULLY SORRY, CRAIG! I TRIED TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT!

MORE TREES!





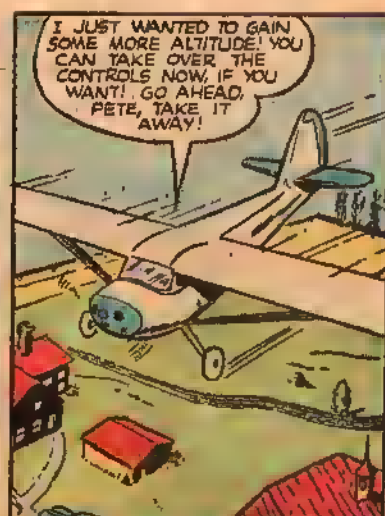


HEY, PETE, HOW'S ABOUT TAKING A SHORT TRIP WITH ME? THE WIND'S JUST RIGHT, SO THAT I CAN CLEAR THOSE DARN TREES OF MCGILL'S! I'M GOING INTO TOWN!

BOY, WHAT A BREAK! I NEED SOME FORMAL SHOES FOR THE PROM FRIDAY! WILL YOU LET ME HANDLE THE CONTROLS?



SOMETIMES IT'S A TIGHT SQUEEZE! WITH A GOOD WIND, THOUGH, THERE'S NOT MUCH RISK—BUT IN A SUMMER OR TWO, I'LL BE STYMIED! THE TREES WILL HAVE GROWN BY THEN!



I JUST WANTED TO GAIN SOME MORE ALTITUDE! YOU CAN TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS NOW, IF YOU WANT! GO AHEAD, PETE, TAKE IT AWAY!



HEY DOPEY! ARE YOU DEAF? I SAID, HOW ABOUT TAKING OVER FOR AWHILE? HEY!



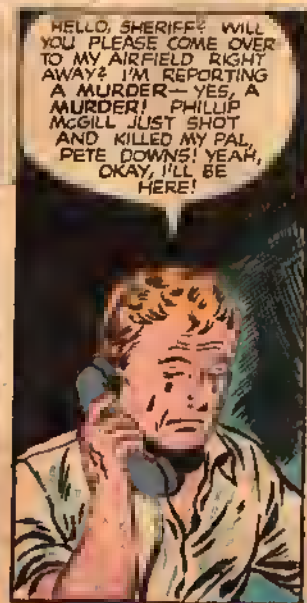
PETE! GOSH, PETE, WHAT'S THE MATTER? JEEPERS, HE'S PASSED OUT! HEY PETE! WAKE UP!



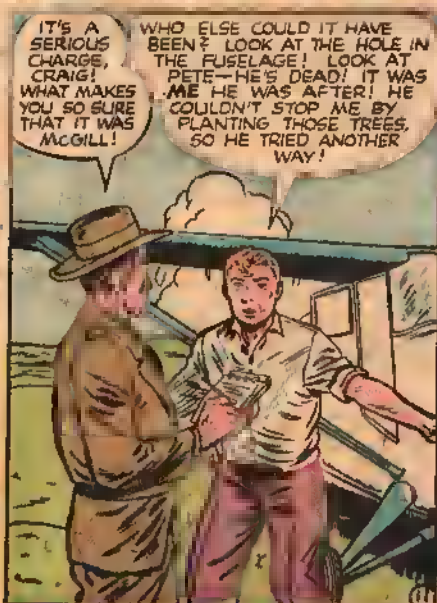
BLOOD! PETE! YOU'VE BEEN HURT!! HOW?? WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED? HE HAS NO PULSE... THAT MEANS HE... HE'S DEAD!! OH, MY G...



THAT'S A BULLET HOLE! PETE'S BEEN SHOT, AND I KNOW WHO DID IT, TOO! OLD MAN MCGILL! HE DID IT!! HE KILLED PETE!!

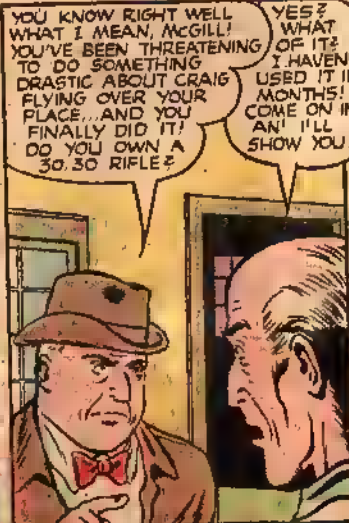


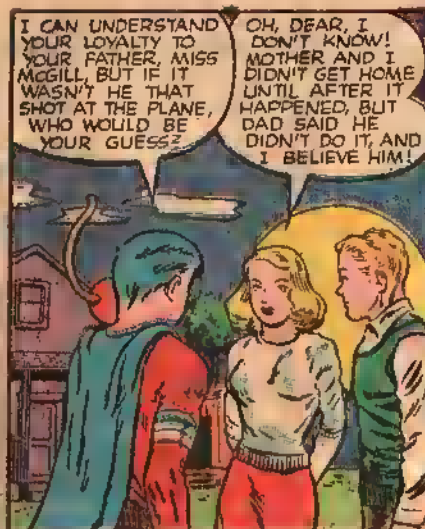
HELLO, SHERIFF? WILL YOU PLEASE COME OVER TO MY AIRFIELD RIGHT AWAY? I'M REPORTING A MURDER—YES, A MURDER! PHILIP MCGILL JUST SHOT AND KILLED MY PAL, PETE DOWNS! YEAH, OKAY, I'LL BE HERE!



IT'S A SERIOUS CHARGE, CRAIG! WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THAT IT WAS MCGILL!

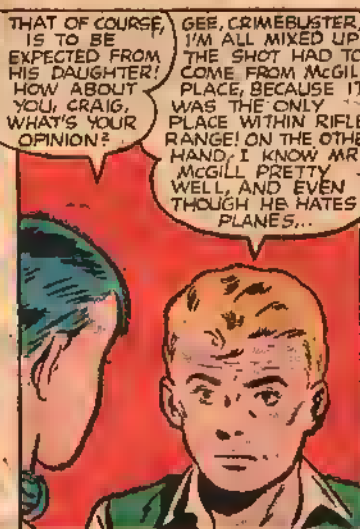
WHO ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN? LOOK AT THE HOLE IN THE FUSELAGE! LOOK AT PETE—HE'S DEAD! IT WAS ME HE WAS AFTER! HE COULDN'T STOP ME BY PLANTING THOSE TREES, SO HE TRIED ANOTHER WAY!





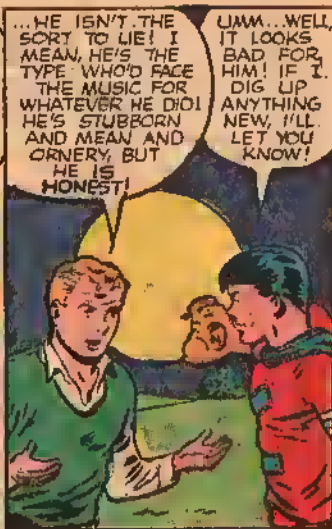
I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR LOYALTY TO YOUR FATHER, MISS MCGILL, BUT IF IT WASN'T HE THAT SHOT AT THE PLANE, WHO WOULD BE YOUR GUESSE?

OH, DEAR, I DON'T KNOW! MOTHER AND I DIDN'T GET HOME UNTIL AFTER IT HAPPENED, BUT DAD SAID HE DIDN'T DO IT, AND I BELIEVE HIM!



THAT OF COURSE, IS TO BE EXPECTED FROM HIS DAUGHTER! HOW ABOUT YOU, CRAIG, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

GEE, CRIMEBUSTER, I'M ALL MIXED UP! THE SHOT HAD TO COME FROM MCGILL'S PLACE, BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE WITHIN RIFLE RANGE! ON THE OTHER HAND, I KNOW MR. MCGILL, PRETTY WELL, AND EVEN THOUGH HE HATES PLANES...



...HE ISN'T THE SORT TO LIE! I MEAN, HE'S THE TYPE WHO'D FACE THE MUSIC FOR WHATEVER HE DID! HE'S STUBBORN AND MEAN AND ORNERY, BUT HE IS HONEST!

UHM...WELL, IT LOOKS BAD FOR HIM! IF I DIG UP ANYTHING NEW, I'LL LET YOU KNOW!



FINGERPRINTS ON THE GUN? WE DIDN'T EVEN CHECK FOR 'EM, C.B.! IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE, SO WHY BOTHER? IF YOU WANT TO DO IT, GO AHEAD! I WAS THE ONLY ONE TO HANDLE THE GUN SINCE MCGILL'S ARREST!

THAT MAKES IT TOUGH! I HOPE YOU DIDN'T SMEAR WHATEVER PRINTS WERE ON IT! LET ME SEE THE GUN, WILL YOU PLEASE?



I SEE THREE SETS OF PRINTS! I'D LIKE A COPY OF YOURS, SHERIFF--AND HAVE YOU A SET OF MCGILL'S ON FILE?

SURE THING, I'LL GIVE 'EM TO YOU RIGHT AWAY!



THESE ARE YOURS, ALL RIGHT, AND THESE OTHERS ARE MCGILL'S! THE THIRD SET SEEMS TO BE SUPER IMPOSED OVER MCGILL'S EXCEPT FOR ONE CLEAR THUMB PRINT ON THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN!

THAT'S ODD! I WONDER WHO THEY COULD BELONG TO?



THINK HARD, DIANA! WHO ELSE KNEW WHERE YOUR FATHER KEPT HIS GUN--SOMEONE OTHER THAN YOU AND YOUR MOTHER?

NO ONE! THAT IS, NO ONE BUT UNCLE DAN--AND HE DOESN'T COUNT. I MEAN...HE'S DAD'S AND MOTHER'S OLDEST AND BEST FRIEND!



EVEN SO, I'D LIKE YOU TO GET ME A COPY OF HIS FINGERPRINTS! IF YOU DO IT AS I TELL YOU, HE'LL NEVER KNOW--THAT IS, IF YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT HIS FEELINGS! DOES HE VISIT YOU OFTEN?

OH, YES! HE'S PRACTICALLY ONE OF THE FAMILY.

AND SINCE ALL THIS HAPPENED, HE'S BEEN HAVING SUPPER WITH US, NEARLY



GOODNESS! YOUR GLASS IS EMPTY, UNCLE DAN! DO LET ME GET YOU A FRESH DRINK!

WHY, THANK YOU, DIANA!



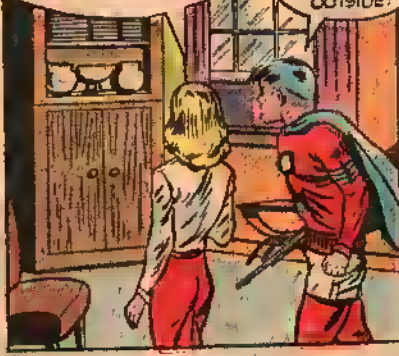
HE NEVER SUSPECTED THAT I SWITCHED! CRIMEBUSTER SAID TO WRAP IT IN A SOFT NAPKIN!

IF THESE ARE YOUR UNCLE'S PRINTS ON THE GLASS, THEY'RE THE SAME AS THE THIRD SET ON THE GUN! DIANA, I'M AFRAID HE'S OUR MAN!



GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S POSSIBLE! BUT WHAT REASON HAD HE? HOW DID HE GET INTO THE HOUSE TO GET THE GUN?

SEE THAT CORNER CABINET? WELL, THAT'S WHERE DAD KEPT HIS GUN! UNCLE DAN COULDN'T HAVE ENTERED THIS ROOM WITHOUT PASSING THROUGH OUR LIVING ROOM! IF HE HAD, MY FATHER WAS LISTENING TO THE RADIO IN THERE AND WOULD HAVE SEEN HIM! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HERE!



THAT SOUNDS LOGICAL! NEVERTHELESS, I WANT TO DOUBLE CHECK IT! PUT THE GUN EXACTLY WHERE IT USUALLY RESTED! I'M GOING OUTSIDE!

NOW, WE'LL ASSUME THE WINDOW WAS OPEN THAT DAY! I'M UNCLE DAN... I REACH IN THE WINDOW LIKE THIS! I OPEN THE DOOR OF THE CABINET...



...AND I CAN JUST REACH THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN... THAT'S THE ANSWER! NOW IF MY LUCK HOLDS OUT, THERE SHOULD BE ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS ON THIS WINDOW SILL!

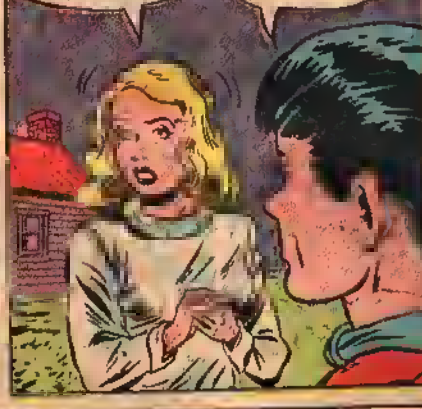
I WAS RIGHT! HERE'S ANOTHER SET OF HIS PRINTS—NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I... I DON'T KNOW! WHY WOULD HE DO IT? AND IF HE DID, WHY DIDN'T HE CONFESS TO SAVE DAD?



THIS IS HORRIBLE! IT'S HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE THAT UNCLE DAN COULD DO SUCH A DREADFUL THING... AND LET DAD TAKE THE BLAME—DAD'S HIS BEST FRIEND!

MAYBE THAT'S ONLY A POSE! MAYBE HE REALLY HAS SOME REASON TO HATE YOUR FATHER—AND WANTED TO FRAME HIM!



FOR INSTANCE, HAS HE ANY INSURANCE ON YOUR FATHER, OR SOME MUTUALLY OWNED STOCK, OR WAS HE EVER IN LOVE WITH YOUR MOTHER? NOW, DON'T LAUGH! WE HAVE TO WEIGH EVERY POSSIBILITY!

HOW DID YOU EVER GUESS? THAT'S A FACT! HE USED TO BE HER BEAU, 'TIL DAD CAME ALONG! BUT GOLLY, THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO! HE AND MOTHER AND DAD USED TO KID ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME! IT WAS SORT OF A STANDING JOKE WITH THEM!

BUT NOW THAT I LOOK AT IT THAT WAY, IT'S NOT SO FUNNY! HE'S NEVER MARRIED, AND I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT HE HAS SEVERAL VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMEN FRIENDS, WHO'D MARRY HIM IN A FLASH, BUT HE'S TURNED 'EM ALL DOWN! I WONDER IF HE REALLY STILL LOVES MY MOTHER?

IF WE CAN PROVE THAT HE DOES, WE'VE GOT OUR MOTIVE! MAYBE WITH YOUR MOTHER'S HELP, WE MIGHT FIND OUT!

SURE, HE'S TOLD ME HE LOVES ME, BUT NEVER SERIOUSLY! WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME IS SHOCKING IF IT'S TRUE! IT'S UNTHINKABLE THAT HE'D STILL FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT ME! SURE, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE MISTAKEN!

IF DAN IS INNOCENT, HE'LL NEVER NEED TO KNOW OF OUR SUSPICIONS! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY—WHEN HE COMES TONIGHT, I WANT YOU TO WEAR YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE DRESS AND YOUR FAVORITE PERFUME!



MEG! HOW VERY BEAUTIFUL YOU LOOK TONIGHT! IS DIANA HOME?

NO! SHE'S OUT FOR THE EVENING! OH, DAN, I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! I SEEM TO NEED YOU AROUND ME! I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU, BUT PROMISE YOU WON'T HATE ME FOR IT!

THIS MAY SHOCK YOU, BUT IT'S TRUE! I'M THROUGH WITH PHIL... FINISHED! MY LOYALTY HAS WORN THIN! I JUST CAN'T GO ON PRETENDING TO LOVE HIM ANY LONGER, ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED! OH, DEAR, WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN ALL THESE YEARS!

WHEN I THINK OF HOW YOU AND I MIGHT HAVE... BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW!

NO! NO, IT ISN'T!!

I'VE DREAMED OF THIS—WAITED FOR IT ALL THESE YEARS! I'VE NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOU—I'VE NEVER FORGIVEN PHIL FOR TAKING YOU FROM ME! BUT I NEVER DREAMED THAT YOU FELT THE SAME WAY! IF I'D ONLY HAVE KNOWN...

IT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED SOONER...ER...I MEAN...THIS IS JUST HOW I HOPED IT WOULD WORK OUT! I KNEW IF PHIL WAS OUT OF THE WAY, AND I HAD A CHANCE...

THEN YOU DID DO IT!!

YOU LOW, SPINELESS CRAWLING LEECH, I DESPISE YOU!! TO THINK YOU DARED DREAM I'D HAVE YOU! YOU MURDERER!!

YOU...YOU TRICKED ME! YOU WERE LYING!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I DID FRAME PHIL! I SHOT AT THE PLANE, BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE IT! MAYBE I CAN'T HAVE YOU, BUT NEITHER CAN PHIL! WE'LL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN JAIL! I'LL HAVE THAT REVENGE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MISTER! YOU'VE JUST CONVICTED YOURSELF OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER! EVERY WORD YOU'VE SAID IS RECORDED!

I'M FREE AGAIN! THANKS TO YOU, CRIMEBUSTER!

NOT JUST ME, MR. MCGILL! IT WASN'T UNTIL CRAIG, WHO HAD THE MOST REASON TO HATE YOU, SAID HE DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD LIE ABOUT YOUR GUILT, THAT'S WHEN I BEGAN TO SUSPECT YOUR INNOCENCE!

AS FOR YOU, CRAIG, I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY! I'VE BEEN A STUBBORN OLD FOOL, BUT THAT'S ALL OVER, NOW—THOSE TREES COME DOWN FIRST THING TOMORROW, IF I HAVE TO BLAST THEM OUT MYSELF! AND...WELL, I'D EVEN LIKE SOME FLYING LESSONS, IF YOU'D TEACH AN OLD CODGER LIKE ME!

YOU WHAT?? WHATEVER, MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR IDEAS ABOUT FLYING?

CRIMEBUSTER DID! WHEN HE CAME TO VISIT ME IN JAIL, THIS IS WHAT HE BROUGHT ME! IT WAS ALL I HAD TO READ, AND DARNED IF I DIDN'T FIND MYSELF GETTING VERY INTERESTED! AT THE NEXT RTA MEETING, I'LL BE ON YOUR SIDE!

GOLLY!! OH GOSH, MR. MCGILL, THAT'S SWELL!

THE END

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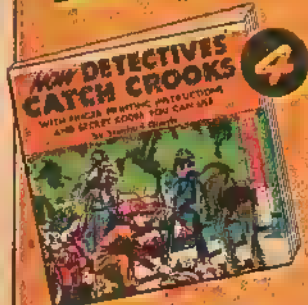
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A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION

A DAREDEVIL STORY

DAREDEVIL dashed along through the woods at a deceptively easy-going pace, tearing off small bits of paper and dropping them along his path. Pee Wee, smallest of the Little Wise Guys, rode high on Daredevil's shoulders, grinning in delight.

"Gosh, Daredevil, this is a swell game," he grunted, as he bounced with each long stride. "I bet the other Wise Guys are miles behind by now."

"We used to call it Fox and Hounds when I was a boy," answered Daredevil. He slowed to a walk and swung Pee Wee to the ground as they broke from the woods into a small pasture behind a well-kept farmhouse. "I don't think Scarecrow, Curly and Jock are exactly miles behind, but I imagine we have about a twenty-minute head start on them. We don't want to get too far ahead, so suppose we go over to that farm and see if we can get a nice cool drink of real spring water?"

As they approached the house, a few chickens scuttled out of the way. A heavy black sedan was parked close to the back door, but there was no visible sign of life.

Pee Wee grinned up at Daredevil. "Say, I bet you have more important things to do than spending the day in the country just showing us a good time," he said.

Daredevil knocked gently on the wooden door as he answered. "There's not a thing I can think of that's more important than that, Pee Wee."

There was silence for a moment after Daredevil's knock, and then a pair of women's high heeled shoes clicked across the floor and stopped just inside the door. "What do you want? Who is it?" The voice from inside was harsh, high-pitched.

Before Daredevil could answer, Pee Wee spoke. "We just want a drink of water, lady—can we have one?"

A lock scraped, and the door opened an inch, then swung open and a flashily dressed, very blonde young woman stood peering at Pee Wee.

"Sorry, kid," she said. "I haven't got time for—" She caught sight of Daredevil and stopped abruptly.

Daredevil smiled. "We won't take a minute," he said. "Pee Wee is pretty thirsty."

The woman stepped back grudgingly. "Okay, come on in," she muttered. "But hurry up. I've been canning grape preserves all day, and I'm tired." She stepped to the stove, her back to

them. A pan of bacon was sizzling in front of her, and on a small table sat an open can of beans, apparently waiting to be warmed. "Water's in that pail on the table," she said.

As they stepped into the kitchen, Pee Wee's eyes lighted up at the sight of a huge pail of milk on the table. Turning an engaging smile on the woman at the stove, he said, "Gosh, lady—could I have some of your fresh milk?"

The woman frowned. "Go ahead—go ahead," she said, annoyance in her voice. "Take anything you want, only hurry up."

Pee Wee eagerly tipped the pail, and raised the glass of milk to his mouth, but at the first swallow, a look of surprise crossed his face. Daredevil reached for the glass, and took a sip of the liquid. "Why, this is skim milk," he said, turning to the woman.

Slamming her pan of bacon down in anger, she glared at Daredevil. "Skim milk, good milk, what's the difference? I'm going crazy with you two!" She flounced angrily across the kitchen to an inner door. "You two better get out of here before my husband comes in from the barn and sees you," she flung over her shoulder as she disappeared.

Daredevil stood thoughtfully looking about him for a moment, and then his eyes narrowed. Crossing the kitchen, he picked a flat, shiny automatic out of a holster hanging near a jacket on the wall. Hefting the gun in his hand, he turned to Pee Wee. "Take a look in there," he said, pointing to the door through which the woman had gone. "See if you can tell where she went, and then look for a telephone."

Daredevil was replacing the gun in its sheath, as Pee Wee slipped back into the room. "She went out the front door," he said, "and there's a phone down at the end of the hall."

"Okay, Pee Wee," answered Daredevil. "You stay here, and call me if anything happens. I'm going out to the barn for a minute."

The man milking the cow was big. Even hunched down on the milking stool, he was obviously a huge hulk of a man. The woman was standing beside him, and she had evidently told him of their visitors, for as Daredevil entered the barn, they were both silently watching the door.

As Daredevil stepped around to the left side of the cow, where the man had been milking, no one spoke. The big fellow stared up at

Daredevil coldly, his eyes narrowed against the smoke curling from a cigarette, which hung from his lips.

Daredevil smiled in a friendly fashion. "Before I go, I was wondering if I could arrange to buy some of your hay when you get it cut." He waved his hand at the field just before the barn. He turned to the woman. "What kind is it, ma'am?"

The woman seemed puzzled. "Why, it's— it's—"

"Never mind what kind it is," interrupted the man. "It's not for sale. Now you get off my property!"

"Sorry to have troubled you," answered Daredevil smoothly. "I'll just go up and get the boy, and we'll be gone. Thanks for the water."

A moment later, back in the kitchen, Daredevil stopped just long enough to tell Pee Wee to keep a watch on the back door for the man and woman. "I'm going to use the phone. Let me know if you see them coming," he said.

Pee Wee, his eyes shining with excitement, posted himself just inside the kitchen door, his eyes fastened on the barn. There was no one to be seen, but he could hear the tinkle of the bell as Daredevil cranked the old phone. He strained his ears to hear the conversation, but all that was audible was the mumble of Daredevil's voice. He heard the slight squeak of the floor behind him, too—him too late. Before he could turn, or make a sound a heavy hand clamped tight over his mouth.

Daredevil hung the receiver on its hook, strode down the hall, turned into the kitchen—and stopped on the threshold.

In the middle of the room stood the man from the barn, an ugly smile on his face. In his right hand he gripped the struggling Pee Wee firmly, and in the other hand was the gun which had been on the wall. Behind him stood the woman, nervously watching the door behind them.

Pee Wee managed to free his mouth. "Gee, Daredevil," he stuttered, "he sneaked up on me! He must have come in the window!"

"Never mind, Pee Wee," answered Daredevil. "We'll take care of him." He stared steadily at the man. "I'm warning you, Decker—don't hurt that boy!"

"So you know who I am," sneered the man. "Think you're pretty smart, eh?"

"Yes, I know who you are," answered Daredevil. "And if you've got any sense at all, you'll give me that gun. That was the sheriff on the phone. He told me about the bank robbery you and your girl friend pulled in Leesville yesterday. His description fits you two perfectly. You'll never get away with it, Decker. Hand me that gun!" As he spoke, Daredevil stepped

forward.

The mouth of the gun swung to a position just over Pee Wee's ear. "I got sense enough," rasped Decker. "I'm smart enough to know how much you care for this kid. One more step and I'll blow his brains out!"

Daredevil's face went hard as stone. "I tried to give you a chance to surrender peaceably, Decker—but threatening that boy finished you!" As he spoke, Daredevil walked calmly ahead.

Decker swung the gun towards Daredevil. "You first, then," he snarled, as he pulled the trigger. There was a dry click.

Daredevil stopped, and grinned. "You didn't think I'd trust a fool like you with a loaded gun, did you? I removed the bullets long ago!"

With a snarl of rage, the big man slammed the gun to the floor, pushed Pee Wee roughly aside, and launched himself like a catapult, diving head first at Daredevil.

One of Daredevil's arms flashed out; and the huge bulk stopped in mid-air as if it had hit an iron wall. In a way, it had. Decker's chin had met Daredevil's iron fist, with the inevitable result.

"You see?" Pee Wee addressed the still form on the floor. "If you had any sense, you'd have given us the gun, like Daredevil said."

Moments later, as the roar of a car engine outside heralded the arrival of the sheriff, Daredevil pointed to the terrified woman sobbing at the table.

"But Daredevil, what made you suspect them?" asked Pee Wee.

"Well, it was obvious they weren't farmers," said Daredevil. "Take a look at her first of all. Women don't dress like that on a farm. Besides, the moment she opened the door she seemed so nervous that I knew something was wrong. Then when she let you drink skim milk and I saw that she was cooking canned beans—well, no farmer's wife would feed a boy skim milk and her husband canned beans!"

"After I saw that automatic, I was convinced," Daredevil went on. "So I took a little trip to the barn, where I found a man milking a cow from the wrong side, and smoking a cigarette at the same time, and a supposed farm wife who didn't know alfalfa hay when she saw it. That was enough for me. I phoned the sheriff and there's all there is to it."

He grinned at Pee Wee. "It's time we got going, don't you think? The other fellows should be right on our heels by now. Too bad we were interrupted, but I'll bet if the two of us really try, we can leave the boys way behind."

With a proud grin, Pee Wee glanced at the unconscious hunk on the floor. "Sure we can," he said. "Why, I betcha we can do anything!"

The End

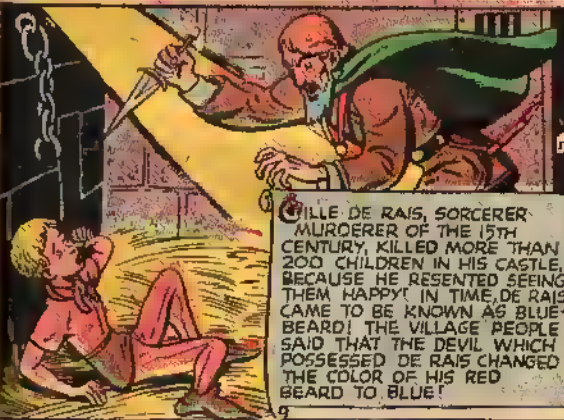
Famous ECCENTRICS



LEONE, A FEMALE ATHENIAN, WAS NOTED IN ATHENS SOCIETY FOR HER LONG TONGUE, WHICH WAS ALWAYS WAGGING! SHE COULD NEVER RESIST THE URGE TO TALK! ONE NIGHT, HOWEVER, SHE OVERHEARD A CONSPIRACY BETWEEN TWO NOBLEMEN, HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITAN, TO PREVENT HERSELF FROM TALKING ABOUT IT, SHE CUT OFF HER TONGUE—AND LEONE NEVER SPOKE AGAIN! A STATUE OF A LIONESS WITHOUT A TONGUE WAS SET UP IN HER HONOR BY HER FELLOW ATHENIANS!



JOHNNY APPLESEED IS NOW A LEGENDARY FIGURE IN AMERICAN HISTORY! HIS REAL NAME WAS JOHN CHAPMAN. BORN IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1775, HE DIED AT FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, IN 1847. CHAPMAN IS REMEMBERED FOR A LIFETIME SPENT IN SCATTERING APPLE SEED OVER THE ALLEGHENY VALLEYS AND THE OHIO VALLEYS, A CAREER WHICH EARNED HIM THE NAME OF "JOHNNY APPLESEED!"



GILLES DE RAIS, SORCERER-MURDERER OF THE 15TH CENTURY, KILLED MORE THAN 200 CHILDREN IN HIS CASTLE, BECAUSE HE RESENTED SEEING THEM HAPPY! IN TIME, DE RAIS CAME TO BE KNOWN AS BLUE-BEARD! THE VILLAGE PEOPLE SAID THAT THE DEVIL WHICH POSSESSED DE RAIS CHANGED THE COLOR OF HIS RED BEARD TO BLUE!



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DRINKER WAS NORVELLIUS TORQUATUS, A HUMAN TANK FROM MEDIOLAN (NOW MILAN, ITALY). HE COULD DRINK THREE GALLONS OF WINE AT ONE DRAUGHT—WITHOUT TAKING A BREATH! FOR PERFORMING THIS INCREDIBLE FEAT BEFORE EMPEROR TIBERIUS IN ROME, NORVELLIUS WAS GIVEN THE NAME, "TRICONGIUS," MEANING "THREE GALLONS," AND AN ANNUAL GRANT OF WINE FROM THE EMPEROR!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 23, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF BOY COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947.

City of New York {
County of New York {

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Hannah Schreiber, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of BOY COMICS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation of the publication for the month shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., 16 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y.
Editor: Charles Biro, 101 E. 74th St., New

York 21, N. Y. Managing Editor: Bob Wood, 400 E. 37th St., New York 22, N. Y. Business manager: Hannah Schreiber, 238 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owner must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y. Leverett S. Gleason, Park Drive, Chappaqua, N. Y. Bella Kameloff, 310 W. 72nd St., New York 23, N. Y. Morton Rosenthal, Riverside Memorial Chapel, 76th St. & Amsterdam Ave., New York 23, N. Y. Rosalind Rosenthal, R.D. No. 1, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Par Rosenthal, 101 Central Park West, New York 23, N. Y. Ellen J. Rosenthal, 101 Central Park West, New York 23, N. Y. Carol L. Rosenthal, 101 Central Park West, New York 23, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockhold-

ers, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly news papers only.)

HANNAH SCHREIBER, Business Mgr.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1947.
(SEAL) MANUEL LIEBLICH
(My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

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MINUTES...OR ELSE!
SIGNED
SMELLY SNEED GANG

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SMELLY SNEED IS OUT OF
REFORM SCHOOL AND
BACK WITH HIS GANG
OF CUT-THROATS!

LET'S
SEE THE NOTE,
DYNAMITE!



HA, HA. WHAT A LAFF! IMAGINE
'EM TRYIN' TO SCARE US INTO
GIVIN' THEM OUR
CLUBHOUSE!

OF ALL
THE STUPID
CRUST!

WELL, GANG,
WE CERTAINLY
AIN'T TURNIN'
OUR PROPERTY
OVER TO THEM
SKUNKS!

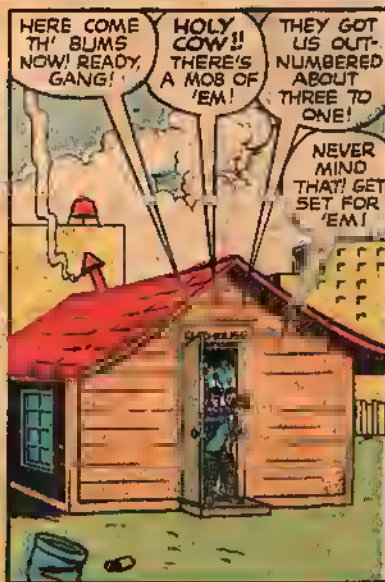


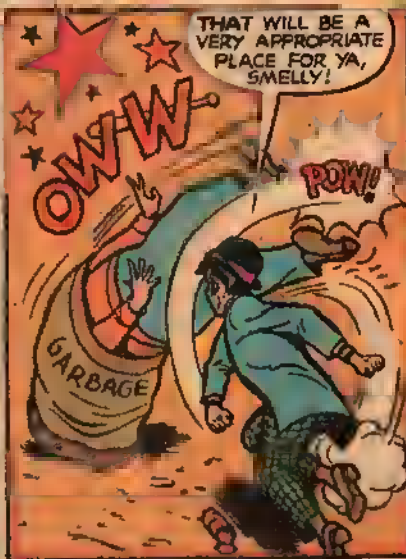
HERE COME
TH' BUMS
NOW! READY,
GANG!

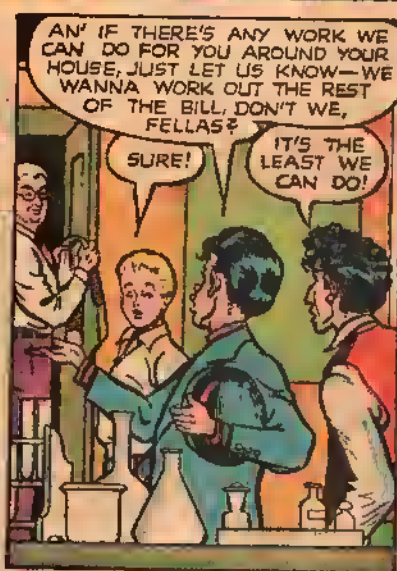
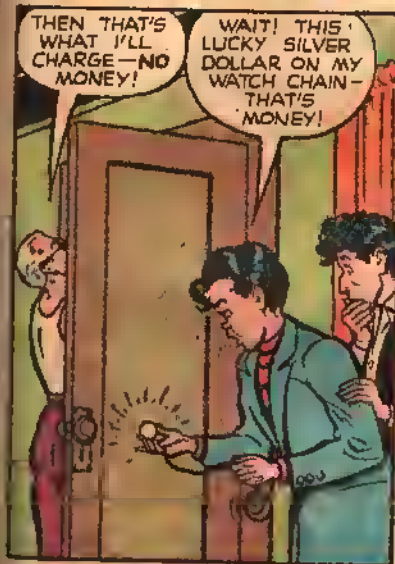
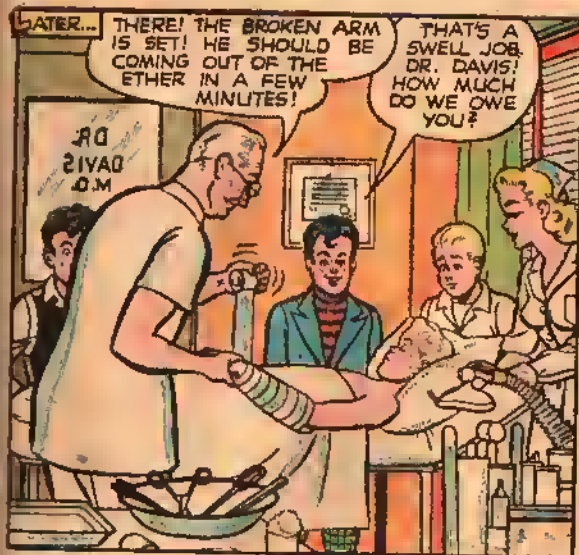
HOLY
COW!!
THERE'S
A MOB OF
'EM!

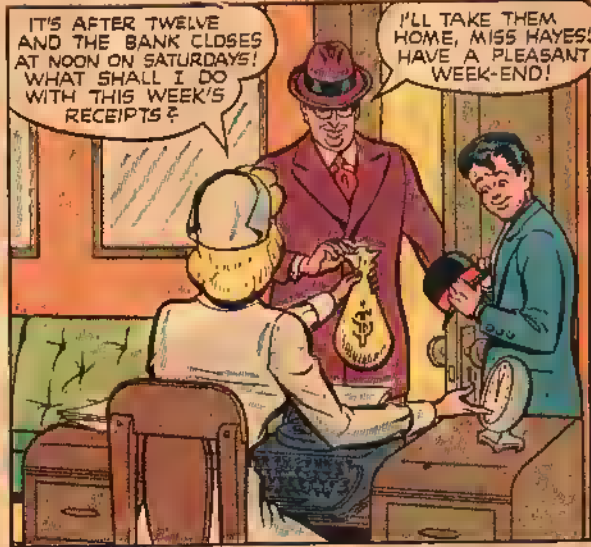
THEY GOT
US OUT-
NUMBERED
ABOUT
THREE TO
ONE!

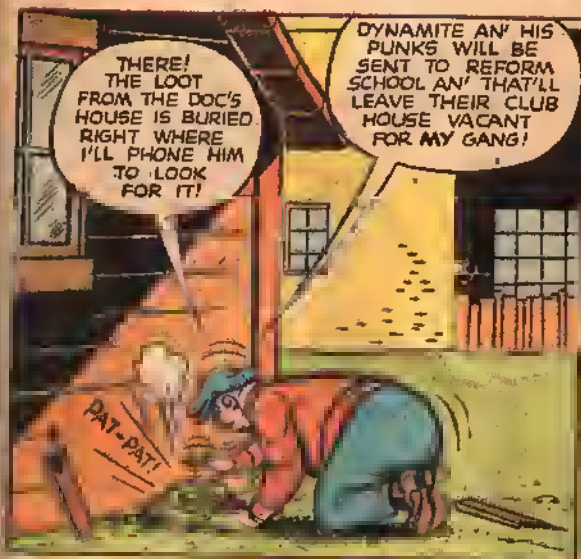
NEVER
MIND
THAT! GET
SET FOR
'EM!

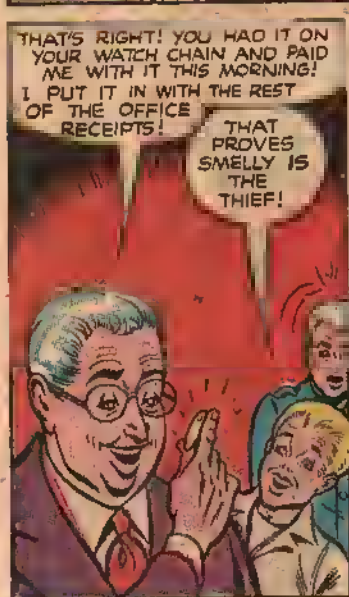
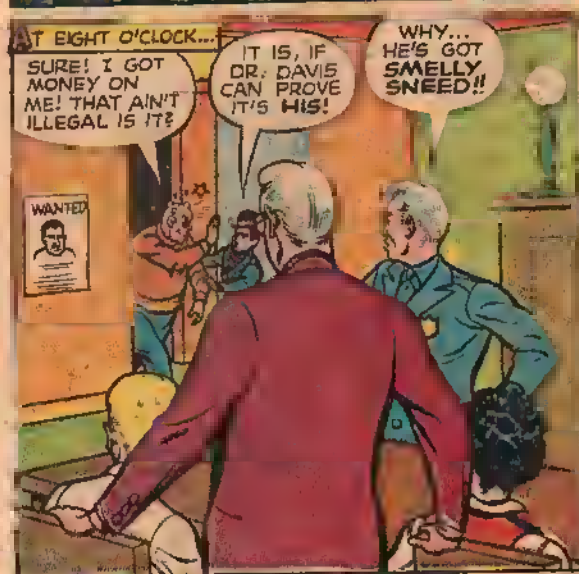












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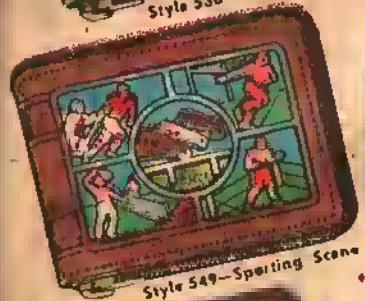
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 537—U. S. Map



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Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



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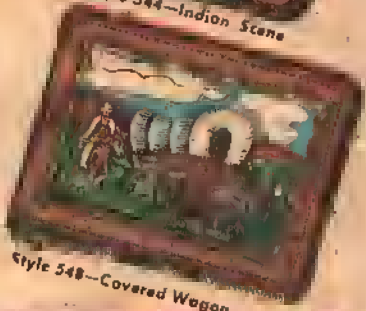
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

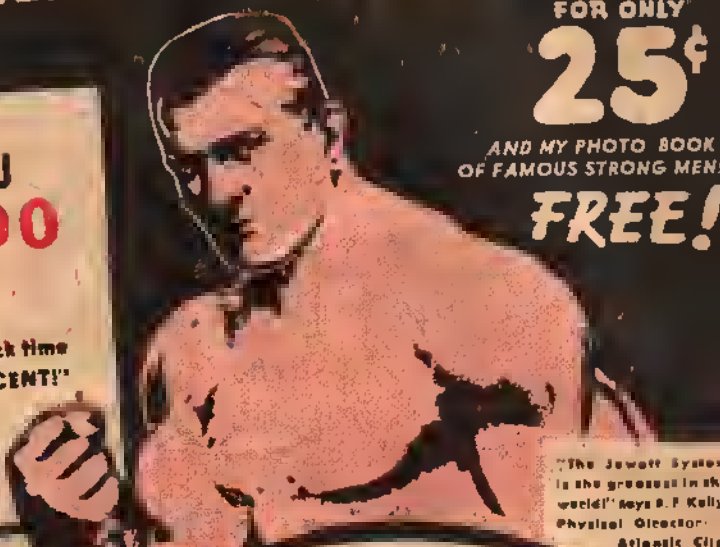
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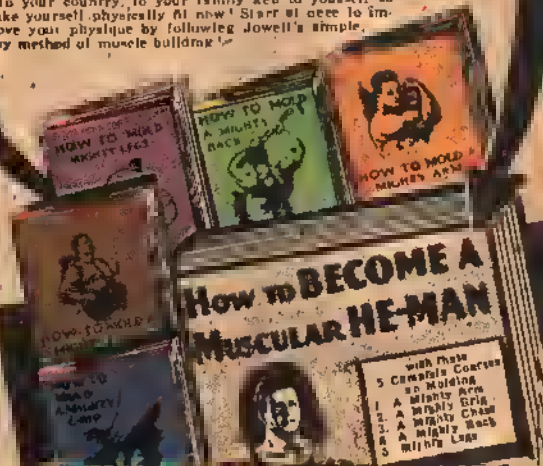


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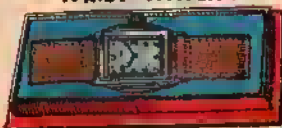
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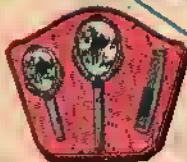


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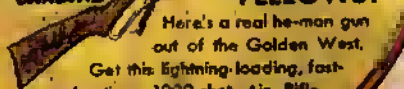
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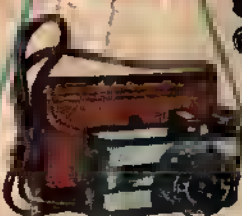
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